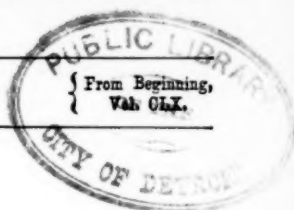


LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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PESSIMISM.

Is life worth living? — Well, to tell you true,
It scarcely is, if all men were like you.

BRIGHT-FACED maiden, bright-souled maiden,

What is this that I must hear?

Is thy heart with sorrow laden,

Is thine eye dimmed with a tear?

Can it be that lips so sweetly

Rounded to be kindly kissed,

Could be twisted indiscreetly

To that vile word *Pessimist*?

Not for thine own ills thou weepest;

Softly feathered is thy nest;

When thou wakest, when thou sleepest,

Thou art fortun'd with the best.

But thy sisters and thy brothers

Pierced with many a woful smart,

Dying children, wailing mothers,

Fret thy nerve, and stab thy heart.

In the country, in the city,

Godless deeds, a loveless list

Stir thy blood and move thy pity,

And thou art a *PESSIMIST*.

Storms and wars and tribulations,

Fevered passions' reinless tide,

With insane hallucinations

Mingled travel far and wide.

Can it be an Eye inspecting

Things so tumbling in pell-mell,

With a cool control directing

Such a hotbed, such a hell?

Nay, sweet maid, but think more slowly;

Though this thing and that be sad,

'Tis a logic most unholy

That the gross of things is bad;

'Tis a trick of melancholy,

Tainting life with death's alloy;

Or in wisdom, or in folly,

Nature still delights in joy.

Dost thou hear of starving sinners?

Nine and ten or ninety-nine,

Many thousands eat good dinners,

Many hundreds quaff good wine.

Hast thou seen a score of cripples?

Equal legs are not uncommon;

If you know one fool that tipsles,

Thousands drink not — man and woman;

Tell me, if you know, how many

Murders happen in the town?

One a year, perhaps, if any;

Should that weigh your heart quite down?

No doubt, if you read the papers,

You will find a strange hotch-potch, —

Dotting dreams, delirious capers,

Many a blunder, blot, and blotch;

Bags of windy speculation,

Babblement of small and great,

Cheating, swindling, speculation,

Squabblement of Church and State;

Miners blown up, humbugs shown up,

Beaten wives, insulted brides,

Raving preachers, witless teachers,

Lunatics and suicides.

Drains and cesspools, faintings, fevers,

Poisoned cats and stolen collies,

Simple women, gay deceivers,

Every sort and size of follies,

Wandering M.P.'s brainless babble,

Deputations, meetings, dinners,

Riots of the lawless rabble,

Purple sins of West-End sinners;

Driving, dicing, drinking, dancing,

Spirit-rapping, ghostly stuff,

Bubble schemes, and daft financing,

When the shares are blown enough.

All this is true; when men cut capers

That make the people talk or stare,

To-morrow, when you ope the papers,

You're sure to find your antics there.

But you and I and all our neighbors,

Meanwhile in pure and peaceful ways,

With link on link of fruitful labors,

Draw out our chain of happy days.

See things as they are; be sober;

Balance well-life's loss and gain:

If to-day be chill October,

Summer suns will come again.

Are bleak winds forever sighing?

Do dark clouds forever lower?

Are your friends all dead and dying?

All your sweetness turned to sour?

Great men no doubt have sometimes small
ways,

But a horse is not an ass,

And a black snake is not always

Lurking in the soft green grass.

Don't be hasty, gentle lady;

In this whirl of diverse things

Keep your footing, and with steady

Poise control your equal wings.

All things can't to all be pleasant,

I love bitter, you love sweet;

Some faint when a cat is present,

Rats find babies' cheeks a treat.

If all tiny things were tall things,

If all petty things were grand,

Where would greatness be, when all things

On one common level stand?

Do you think the winged breezes

Fraught with healthy ventilation,

When a tender infant sneezes

Should retreat with trepidation?

When dry Earth to Heaven is calling

For soft rain and freshening dew,

Shall the rain refrain from falling

Lest my lady wet her shoe?

Fools still rush to rash conclusions,

And the mole-eyed minion man

Talks of troubles and confusions,

When he sees not half the plan.

Spare to blame and fear to cavil,

With short leave dismiss your pain,

Let no fretful fancies revel

In the sanctum of your brain.

Use no magnifying glasses

To change molehills into mountains,

Nor on every ill that passes

Pour hot tears from bitter fountains.

Trust in God and know your duty,

Some good things are in your power;

Every day will bring its booty

From the labor of the hour.

Never reckon what fools are prating,

Work and wait, let sorrow lie;

Live and love; have done with hating,

Goethe says — and so say I.

J. S. B.

Blackwood's Magazine.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

IN spite of the numerous books which have been written to illustrate its history, political, social, and intellectual; in spite also of its nearness to ourselves; it is perhaps true that the eighteenth century is less known to us than either of those immediately preceding it. There is no Revolution, Rebellion, or Reformation, to compel attention by the greatness of the issues involved. There are but few striking and commanding characters — but few incidents of absorbing interest. In short, there are wanting in the eighteenth century the elements of the romantic and the picturesque. Hence the view taken of that period is, for the most part, rapid and superficial. It is looked upon as a feeble duplicate of our own times, with the advantage all in favor of ourselves. Its literature is but little read. Its school of poetry has fallen into disrepute. Its essays are voted dry and jejune. Its architectural efforts are viewed with a shudder. Its philosophy is regarded as incipient and undeveloped.

But in no respect, perhaps, has the eighteenth century been so superficially and hastily judged as in the matter of religion, and in the estimate of the amount of earnestness to be found in the Church and the sects. The caricature types of Fielding and the novelists have furnished the ideas prevalent as to the social status of the clergy. Some stray volumes of dry sermons have suggested the estimate of pulpit oratory; and, for the rest, exaggerated and untruthful stories as to the Wesleys and the Revivalists have created the notion, that practical religion was scarcely to be found in the land before

their appearance. This ignorance as to the conditions of religious life in the eighteenth century is in a great measure excusable. Until very recently no attempt had even been made to narrate the history of the Church of England during this period. Historians were content to write the history of the Reformation, or at any rate to break off their narrative at the Revolution, leaving all between that date and modern days a blank. But that there is very much to tell of the religious life of England in that century, recent writers have abundantly shown. The volumes which represent the joint labors of Messrs. Abbey and Overton are a welcome and valuable contribution towards the history of the period. They do not, indeed, in themselves constitute a history. The essay form into which they are cast involves gaps and omissions in the narrative, while it often produces repetition and undue prolixity. We cannot think the form of the book judicious. But the essays are ably written, and replete with valuable information. Still higher praise may be given to Mr. Overton's "Life of William Law." This is an admirable biography up to the period when the subject of it gets lost in a cloud of mysticism, into which the writer is unfortunately tempted to follow him. Aided by these helps, and by others which it is not necessary to particularize, we propose now to attempt to indicate some of the chief points of interest in the religious life of England during the eighteenth century.

The century opens in a storm. Convocation, silenced since the Revolution, had at last met. A controversy had been raised as to its right to meet concurrently with the Parliament, and the clergy had become so excited, that King William's last ministry made it a condition of their taking office that it should be allowed to meet and deliberate. Its deliberations consisted in a series of squabbles and recriminations between the Upper and Lower Houses. The bishops were Whigs, the presbyters were Tories. Atterbury, whose book had been the chief exciting cause of the movement, was the ruling spirit in the Lower House, and was never tired of thwarting and decrying the House

* 1. *The English Church in the Eighteenth Century*. By Charles J. Abbey, M.A., Rector of Checkenden, late Fellow of University College, Oxford; and John H. Overton, M.A., Vicar of Legbourne, late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford. 2 vols. London, 1878.

2. *William Law: Nonjuror and Mystic*. By John H. Overton, M.A. London, 1881.

3. *The Student's English Church History. From the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Silencing of Convocation in the XVIIth Century*. By G. G. Perry, M.A., Canon of Lincoln and Rector of Waddington. Second edition. London, 1880.

of Bishops. Throughout the whole of the succeeding reign the bitterness between the two Houses prevailed. An enquiry into the cause of this may furnish us with a clue to many false notions which have prevailed as to the English Church at this period.

At the Revolution it is unquestionable that the hearts of the great majority of the clergy were with the expelled king. A momentary exasperation against him had prevailed among them — due to his tyranny and proselytizing — but this was not enough to induce them to accept the principle of a change of dynasty. They would have acquiesced in a regency, but they would not go further. Hence the same bishops who went to the Tower became nonjurors. The four hundred clergy who refused to take the oaths to King William were not a tithe of those who disliked his accession. They were simply the men who had the courage of their opinions; but the great mass of clergy, holding the same opinions, remained grumbling and discontented on their cures. They were Tories and Jacobites in heart, and the measures taken by William's government did not tend to make them less so. For it was the policy of William's government to select carefully for bishops men who were known to be thoroughly Whig and upholders of the Revolution. This was done after Queen Mary's death by a committee of Whig bishops appointed for this purpose, among whom Burnet was the ruling spirit. Tory presbyters, however distinguished for learning or devotion, knew well that promotion was absolutely impossible for them. Thus the bishops became, as it were, a class hostile to the clergy, and hence when bishops and presbyters met face to face came the explosions of ill-will and bitterness. It follows from this, that it is utterly unfair to judge the clergy of that day by the bishops — which, it is believed, is what is ordinarily done. The bishops were courtiers, fine gentlemen, of liberal and latitudinarian views. They were to be seen at St. James's, or at "the Bath," or occasionally in a stately procession through their dioceses. The clergy were altogether of a different class —

with different habits, tastes, principles. And if the clergy of the eighteenth century are not to be judged fairly by the bishops, neither is their character and value to be estimated by the controversialists. It was indeed a controversial age, and a large number of clergy took part in the various controversies which were rife, displaying no inconsiderable amount of learning in their writings. But the great mass of the clergy were not controversialists. They were living quiet, unobtrusive lives in the midst of their flocks; men indeed often of the type of the rector sketched by George Eliot, "who had no lofty aims, no theological enthusiasm" — content to give practical lessons on the duties of life — but men also in many cases with much of earnestness and spiritual-mindedness. The preservation of these good qualities among the lower clergy, qualities which were conspicuously absent in some of the most prominent of their order, was in a great measure due to the religious societies, which were established at the end of the seventeenth century, and which gradually extended their organization through the land. The history of these societies has never been adequately written, and their importance has been greatly overlooked. When the subject is fully investigated, it will be found that not only were these organizations the means of preserving spiritual religion in the land, but that the revival movement of the Wesleys was entirely founded on them, and would not have been possible but for their co-operation. We look in vain in Messrs. Abbey and Overton's volumes for any account of these societies. We must endeavor to supply the omission from other sources.

It was in the year 1678, when the most appalling profligacy was rife, that certain young men who had been impressed by the sermons of Dr. Anthony Horneck, Mr. Smithies, and Dr. Beveridge, formed themselves into an association or guild for religious purposes. They had weekly meetings for prayer, singing hymns, and religious conference. They gave alms for the poor on a fixed ratio, undertook to attend daily service at the church, and the holy communion weekly and on all

festivals. They procured also the establishment of preparation lectures. The clergy and some of the bishops supported this association, and the scheme of organization spread rapidly. Forty-two of these societies were soon in existence in London and Westminster. Similar associations were quickly to be found in every town of England and Ireland. In all of them the greatest loyalty to the Church was a fundamental rule. Every Church service was to be attended, while "counsels of perfection" were given, that the members should use prayers seven times a day, and exert themselves to the utmost in good works. The great effect produced by these organizations is witnessed to by a Dissenting writer. "They so improved their finances by collections, that they were able to remunerate the attendance of many clergymen to read prayers: these aids to devotion were in a short time afforded at so many different hours, and extended to so many places, as to include every hour of the day. On every Lord's day there were constant sacraments in many churches. Greater numbers attended at prayers and sacraments, and greater appearances of devotion were diffused through the city, than had been observed in the memory of man."* It will be seen that, when John and Charles Wesley established their religious coterie at Oxford, they were doing nothing more than starting among the undergraduates one of these religious societies, which were then everywhere well known. The practices of the "Methodist Club" were exactly identical with those of the other kindred bodies. The success of these religious societies led, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, to the formation of another class of societies, called "Societies for Reformation of Manners." These were intended to be aggressive, and to enforce the laws which then existed against profanity and immorality. To these societies the clergy generally belonged, and they met here on common ground not only with laymen but also with Dissenting teachers. In his essay on Robert Nelson, Mr. Abbey says:

He had taken an active interest in the religious operations of young men, which sprang up in London and other towns and villages about 1678. A few years later, when "Societies for the Reformation of Manners" were formed to check the immorality and profaneness which were gaining alarming ground, he gave his hearty co-operation both to Churchmen and Dissenters in a movement which he held essential to the welfare of the country. (English Church, i. 109.)

But the fact that clergy and Dissenters were joined in this work excited the most lively apprehensions in some of the bishops. In the correspondence of William Nicolson (then archdeacon, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle) we have the most vigorous protests against the clergy taking any part in this work. Yet in one of his letters he describes the "articles" subscribed by the members as "such as were legal and commendable; obliging them to reform their own families, to inspect the conversation of their neighbors, to reprove the vicious, to inform against the obstinate, and to meet weekly to consult how most effectually to carry on so good a work."* It would seem that these societies were very generally accepted by the clergy. We find them simultaneously in Cumberland, Cheshire, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, as well as in London. Archbishop Sharp, who could not bring himself altogether to approve of them, says: "They are on foot everywhere."† In the market-towns the clergy preached a lecture on the first market-day of the month, before which they read the act against profane cursing and swearing, with the proclamation against immorality. In some places the meetings were conducted on strict Church principles,‡ in others the clergy seem to have fraternized with the Dissenting teachers. Whether or no the proceedings were always strictly in order, at any rate the very general establishment and activity of these societies testifies to a considerable amount of activity among the country clergy at the beginning of the century. Of the other class of societies, previously spoken of,

* Nicolson's Correspondence, p. 147.

† Ibid. p. 155.

‡ Wotton to Nicolson, Correspondence, p. 168.

* Toulmin, History of Dissenters, p. 416.

in which also the clergy were engaged, the organization was more enduring and the effects more important. For a testimony of their close connection with the revival movement we turn to the latest historian of John Wesley.

The religious societies formed in the days of Dr. Horneck, and revived in the reign of Queen Mary, were not confined to London and Westminster, but existed in different towns throughout the kingdom. We find them in Oxford, Nottingham, Gloucester, Bristol, Newcastle, Dublin, Kilkenny, and other places, and all acting substantially according to the same rules and regulations. They met to pray, sing psalms, and read the Scriptures together; and to reprove, exhort, and edify one another by religious conference. They also carried out designs of charity, such as supporting lectures and daily prayers in churches, releasing imprisoned debtors, relieving the poor, and sending their children to school. . . . Such were the religious societies which existed for more than half a century before the formation of the united societies of the people called Methodists, and in whose rooms and meetings in London, Bristol, and elsewhere, Whitefield and the Wesley brothers, for a few years, were accustomed to read and explain the Scriptures almost every night. On arriving in Bristol, Wesley found such societies as these assembling in Castle Street, in Gloucester Lane, in Weavers' Hall, in Nicholas Street, in the Back Lane, and in Baldwin Street, and at once began expounding to them the Epistle to the Romans and other portions of the New Testament. (*Life and Times of Wesley*, by Rev. L. Tyerman, i. 254.)

The vigorous vitality exhibited by these religious societies, and the widespread influence exercised by them in preparing the way for what is called the Evangelical revival, invite a closer attention to their constitution and history than they have yet received. Of devout books calculated to be of use to them the eighteenth century was not unfruitful. The "Private Thoughts on Religion" of one who was almost their founder* would no doubt be highly valued. So also, we are quite sure, was Robert Nelson's "Fasts and Festivals," of which ten thousand copies were sold in a very short time. But probably no books were more frequently in the hands of the members, and none would be more frequently given to their flocks by the clergy, than the devout works of William Law, "Christian Perfection" and the "Serious Call." A very good account of these works, so celebrated in their day, is given by Mr. Overton in his "Life of Law." Of the first he writes:—

Intending the work to be exclusively what he termed it, "a practical treatise," Law carefully avoided all nice points of doctrine, and defined "Christian perfection" at the outset in a way to which no one who accepted Christianity at all could take exception, viz., as "the right performance of our necessary duties;" it is "such as men in cloisters and religious retirements cannot add more, and at the same time such as Christians in all states of the world must not be content with less."* Of the value of the "Serious Call"—one of those books which sets its mark upon an age—we can have no more striking testimony than that of the historian Gibbon. He says of it: "Its precepts are rigid; but they are founded on the Gospel; its satire is sharp, but it is drawn from the knowledge of human life, and many of his portraits are not unworthy the pen of La Bruyère. If he finds a spark of piety in his reader's mind, he will soon kindle it to a flame; and a philosopher must allow that he exposes with equal severity and truth the strange contradiction between the faith and practice of the Christian world." (*Life of Law*, p. 111.)

Scarce any religious book has had a more remarkable effect than this. It first influenced and awakened John Wesley, who, though he was afterwards much at variance with Law, never ceased to admire it. Charles Wesley and Whitefield were also greatly impressed by it. Among those who have borne testimony to its searching power, may be reckoned Henry Venn, Thomas Scott, John Newton, and Thomas Adam. Dr. Johnson has left it on record that Law was "an overmatch" for him. Bishop Horne and William Jones of Nayland have borne emphatic witness to its merits. This book was very widely read, and highly valued by the clergy. Dr. Bray's libraries for clergy existed in considerable numbers. Keble, in his "Life of Bishop Wilson," mentions the bishop's "enriching the clerical libraries" with copies of Law's works.† Mr. Overton quotes a case of a clergyman having presented every parishioner with a copy of the "Serious Call."‡ But when William Law quitted the safe ground of practical teaching, and allowed himself to plunge into the unfathomable depths of mystical religion, his influence over his age was lost. "The eighteenth century," says Mr. Abbey, "was an age when sober religion would hear of no competitor." "It may be said, without any disparagement of a host of eminent English divines of the eighteenth century, that their entire sympathies were with the reasonable

* *Life of Law*, p. 42.

† Keble's *Life of Wilson*, p. 716.

‡ *Life of Law*, p. 112.

* Bishop Beveridge.

rather than with the spiritual side of religion.* It is, in our judgment, exactly this special characteristic of the clergy of the eighteenth century that has caused them to be so undervalued and underestimated. Practical religion—the recommendation of the duties of life—cannot be put into the attractive form in which spiritual rhapsodies may be clothed. The clergy of the eighteenth century were rather diligent pastors than popular preachers. They did not perhaps deliver “awakening” sermons, but they guided their people in the way of godliness, without which all “awakening” is a mere farce. “The whole theology of the eighteenth century,” says Mr. Leslie Stephen, “has a specially moral turn. Religion was regarded far less as providing expression for our deepest emotions, or as a body of old traditions invested with the most touching poetical associations, than as a practical rule of life.”† Many of the clergy were, no doubt, too secular; many were negligent of their work. But as a class they have been far too generally condemned. One special reason for this is well put by Mr. Abbey:—

The leaders of the Evangelical revival, who were misunderstood and in many cases cruelly treated by the clergy of their day, could scarcely help taking the gloomiest possible view of the state of the Church at large, and were hardly in a position to appreciate the really good points of men who were violently prejudiced against themselves, while their biographers in later times have been perhaps a little too apt to bring out in stronger relief the brightness of their heroes’ portraits by making the background as dark as possible. (*English Church*, ii. 3.)

“There were,” says one who will not be suspected of over-great tenderness for the clergy, “during the first half of the century, many religious leaders whose devotion has not been exceeded in more recent times.”‡ This observation is not intended to apply to the Wesleys and the Revivalists, whose triumphs have been sufficiently glorified in numerous books in these modern days; but to others less known to fame, but not less useful in their generation. Of these we select one who is scarcely mentioned in the two ponderous volumes of Messrs. Abbey and Overton, but who assuredly deserves a different treatment in any account of the English Church of the eighteenth century—William Jones of Nayland. As a controver-

sialist, Mr. Jones is quite equal in learning, acuteness, humor, and point, to William Law. But it is not in that capacity that we desire to speak of him. He was also admirable as a parish priest, but it is especially as a censor of the follies and evil habits of the day that we admire him. Thus he raises his voice against the heathenish taste which transformed churches into hideous mausoleums:—

The fabulous objects of the Grecian mythology have even got possession of our churches; in one of which I have seen a monument with elegant figures as large as life of the three Fates—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos—spinning and clipping the thread of a great man’s life. . . . In our rural ornaments we have temples to all the Pagan deities; and in the city a pantheon wherein there is a general assembly of all the sons and daughters of pleasure under the auspices of heathen demons. How strange it would have been if, while the temples of the heathens had been dedicated to Venus, Mars, and Bacchus, their gardens had been adorned with statues of Moses and Aaron, and the walls of their houses painted with the destruction of Sodom, the overthrow of Pharaoh, the delivery of the two tables on Mount Sinai, and such-like subjects of sacred history! Who would not have inferred in such a case that their temples were frequented out of form, while their inclinations were towards the law of Moses and the God of the Hebrews? But alas! no heathens were ever found to be so inconsistent. (Jones, *On the Growth of Heathenism*.)

Not less severe is he on the prevailing taste in poetry:—

If a stranger were to judge of our religion from the practice of our poets and tragedians, he would take Paganism to be the established religion of the country; for besides hymns to Venus and Bacchus, and wood-nymphs, and water-nymphs, we see virtues and attributes impersonated and deified as of old. We have odes to Liberty, odes to Health, odes to Contentment; in which Health is prayed to for health, and Contentment is intreated to give contentment, that is to be the cause of itself. If the nativity and genius of some learned man is to be celebrated, Lucina presides at his birth, Minerva teaches, Phœbus inspires him. When his death is to be lamented, what can his surviving friend say for him but wish himself Orpheus, that so with his lyre he might go down to hell and prevail on Pluto (the keeper of all dead Christians!) to restore him back again. (*Ibid.*)

With his fine vein of humor and his facile pen Mr. Jones stood ready to assail every form of mischief and folly which appeared in his day. Lord Chesterfield’s miserable book was gibbeted by him, as was also Archdeacon Blackburne’s *Latitudinarianism*. The eccentricities of the

* *English Church*, i. 554, 3.

† *English Thought*, ii. 2.

‡ Leslie Stephen, *English Thought*, ii. 384.

Methodists did not escape him, and he has a pungent word for the mysticism of Mr. Law, whose practical works he had greatly admired. We must venture, at the risk of wearying our readers, to exhibit the antidote which he provided to the mischievous novel literature of his day:—

The end of a novel is to please, and, how is this end to be obtained? Nothing will please loose people but intrigues and loose adventures; nothing will please the unlettered profligate but blasphemous sneers upon religion and the Holy Scriptures; nothing will please the vicious but the palliation of vice and the contempt of virtue; therefore novelists and comic writers, who study popularity either for praise or profit, mix up vice with amiable qualities to cover and recommend, while virtue is compounded with such ingredients as have a natural tendency to make it odious. I have sometimes been struck with the reflection, that few writers who forge a series of events, look upon their attempt in a serious light and consider the hazard of the undertaking; how they are in continual danger of giving us false notions of the consequences of human actions, and of misrepresenting the ways of Divine Providence. (Jones, *Letters of a Tutor to his Pupils*.)

Of a similar spirit to Mr. Jones, uniting keen practical insight to earnest Christian principle, was George Horne, afterwards Bishop of Norwich. He also is only slightly mentioned by Messrs. Abbey and Overton, though pronounced in his day to be "without exception the best preacher in England." Horne, in his "Apology," made an admirable defence of true, sound Scriptural teaching, in which the moral duty and its religious basis are not allowed for a moment to be severed. It is curious to observe that Horne in his day strongly objected to an attempt at making a revised version of Scripture, which was advocated by Dr. Kennicott, the famous Hebrew scholar, on the ground that it would unsettle men's minds. He also much disliked the practice of illustrating and supporting Scripture from heathen mythologies and fables. We shall have something to say presently on the unwarranted assertion that the Methodists were driven out of the Church, but in passing we may note that this charge cannot at any rate be brought against Bishop Horne, who authorized his clergy to allow the Wesleys, or any ordained clergymen, the use of their pulpits if they thought fit. The great enemies of the Wesleys were not the genuine Church of England men, but the Calvinistic Evangelicals.

In noting the indications of sound prac-

tical religion in the Church of England of the eighteenth century, apart from the labors of the Wesleys and the Revivalists, we are brought, curiously enough, to the rectory of Epworth, the home of the future apostles, where their good father was content to live and labor for the souls of his people on the old lines of the Church of England. It is well observed by Mr. Overton that—

The picture given us of the family at Epworth Rectory is an illustration of the remark, that the wholesale censure of the whole body of the parochial clergy in the early part of the eighteenth century has been far too sweeping and severe. Here is an instance, and it is not spoken of as a unique or even as an exceptional instance, of a worthy clergyman, who was with his whole family living an exemplary life, and adorning the profession to which he belonged. (*English Church*, ii. 66.)

But the enquirers after genuine religion and its upholders will find perhaps their richest treasure in the good Bishop Wilson and his island diocese. It is singular—indeed passing strange—that in a series of essays on the Church of England in the eighteenth century, so little should be said of its most saintly bishop. Wilson is only mentioned casually and incidentally in Messrs. Abbey and Overton's volumes, while an inordinate amount of space is given to Tillotson—the Hobbes of the pulpit. The references also when Wilson is mentioned are to Cruttwell's life of the bishop. It would almost seem as though the writers were entirely unacquainted with the long and elaborate life, the composition of which was for so many years to John Keble a labor of love. We turn to one, from whom perhaps we might least expect it, for a really appreciative notice of Wilson:—

Wilson, the Apostolic, was a man of the old sacerdotal type, full of simplicity, tenderness, devotion, and with a sincere belief (inoffensive because allayed with no tincture of pride or ambition) in the sacred privileges of the Church. His superstitions (for he is superstitious) no more provoke anger, than the simple fancies of a child; and we honor him as we should honor all men whose life and thoughts were in perfect harmony, and guided by noble motives. To read him is to love him; he helps us to recognize the fact, that many of the thoughts which supported his noble nature in its journey through this life may be applicable in a different costume to the sorrows and trials which also change their form rather than their character. His example proves conclusively that a genuine Christian theologian, in the most characteristic sense of the term, might still be found under the reign of George II, in

the Isle of Man. (Leslie Stephen, *English Thought*, ii. 384.)

Bishop Willson was an admirable specimen of the genuine Church of England man, who, without seeking for excitement, labored diligently for the edification of his people according to the doctrines and standard of the Church to which he belonged; and of this type, we contend, there were many specimens to be found in the eighteenth century through the towns and villages of England. They were not Revivalists. They were not a part of what were called the "serious" clergy, *i.e.* the Calvinistic Evangelicals. They were quiet, simple men, who taught practical truths and loved the Prayer-book which embodied them. That the great body of the clergy were really attached to the Prayer-book, no more convincing proof could be given than the entire failure of the movement in which Archdeacon Blackburne bore the most prominent part. To understand this fully, and to estimate the light which it sheds on the character of the clergy of this period, we must recur to an earlier date, and sketch the history of what was known as the Latitudinarian movement.

From the days of Hales and Chillingworth there had existed within the Church of England a school of divines, who held that opinions were of minor importance, and ought not to be made the ground of censure. This school received a great impetus after the Restoration by the writings of those who are known as the Cambridge Platonists, and at the era of the Revolution it was stimulated by certain other special causes. For at that time there was a sudden outburst of anti-Trinitarian or Arian views; and it thus became a serious and pressing question with some of the clergy, whether, holding these views, they could continue to retain preferment in the Church of England. Some, by adopting the Latitudinarian theory, persuaded themselves that they might do this. Others, more honest or more logical, became Dissenters. So much being thus staked on the upholding of the Latitudinarian view, we are not surprised at finding a considerable number of writers trying to support it. It is singular to meet with the argument of the famous Tract 90 anticipated by Dr. Clarke, who writes that "every person may reasonably agree to forms whenever he can in any sense at all reconcile them with Scripture." It was to refute the preposterous notion, that Arians could find a proper home within a Trinitarian Church, that

Waterland wrote his "Case of Arian Subscription Examined," which Dr. Sykes had the assurance to answer.* From records of the time we gather that there were here and there clergy who, holding Arian views, ventured to alter the Liturgy to suit them. This was done by Mr. Wasse, rector of Aynhoe, by Dr. Chambers, rector of Achurch, and others. But this course was perilous when there was anything like episcopal supervision. And the pure Latitudinarian theory, that an Arian could quietly acquiesce in Trinitarian formulæ, could really satisfy but few minds. Hence an attempt to alter, by authority, the formularies of the Church naturally resulted. The first step was made by the publication of a book called "Free and Candid Disquisitions," by Mr. Jones, vicar of Alconbury. This was a collection of pieces by various hands, all advocating a trenchant review of the Liturgy. The extreme terror of being found out, displayed by the compiler, proves clearly enough that the idea was by no means a popular one.† Mr. Abbey is of opinion that it was written in a "moderate and judicious spirit" (i. 434). It is probable, however, that not many English Churchmen of the present day, who should wade through "The Expediency and necessity of revising and improving the Public Liturgy," "A blow at the Root," etc., would agree with him. The book, however, had important consequences. It produced some spirited replies, and it was eagerly defended by Francis Blackburne, rector of Richmond in Yorkshire. Blackburne went much further than the original writer, and by his extreme views so pleased Hutton, Archbishop of York, that he made him Archdeacon of Cleveland. Thus encouraged, he resolved to organize a determined movement against clerical subscription. He published (in 1766) a book called the "Confessional," in which he advocates the view that "all imposed subscriptions to articles of faith and religious doctrines, conceived in non-scriptural terms and enforced by human authority, are utterly unwarrantable;" and associating with himself some men of like views, they prepared a petition to Parliament for releasing the clergy from all obligations of subscription. The whole of the clergy, and the laymen who had signed the Articles, were canvassed for signatures, but

* Lindsey, *History of Unitarian Doctrine*, p. 489.

† See his letters to Dr. Birch, printed in Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, i. 535, where his trepidation is most amusing.

only a total of two hundred and fifty signatures could be procured, many being those of laymen. No more complete proof than this could be afforded, that the clergy as a body were really attached to the Prayer-book, and valued the formularies from which the archdeacon sought to release them. Several of the bishops gave a feeble support to the movement, but the heart of the presbyters was sound. Mr. Abbey, in his long and somewhat rambling essay on the Latitudinarians, seems inclined to excuse the movement,* but it was very differently spoken of when the petition was presented in the House of Commons:—

These gentlemen [said Edmund Burke] want to be preferred clergymen in the Church of England as by law established, but their consciences will not allow them to conform to the doctrines and practices of that Church, that is, they want to be teachers in a Church to which they don't belong. This is an odd sort of hardship. They want to receive the emoluments appropriated for teaching one set of doctrines, while they are teaching another. If they do not like the establishment, there are an hundred different modes of dissent in which they may teach. But even if they are so unfortunately circumstanced that of all that variety none will please them, they have free liberty to assemble a congregation of their own, and if any persons think their fancies worth paying for, they are at liberty to maintain them as their clergy—nothing hinders it. But if they cannot get an hundred people together who will pay for their reading a *Mass* after their form, with what face can they insist on the nation's conforming to their ideas, for no other visible purpose than for enabling them to receive with a good conscience the tenth part of your lands? (Parliamentary History, xvii. 245-297.)

The petition was rejected by a large majority, much to the satisfaction, no doubt, both of the High Churchmen and of the "serious" clergy, or Evangelicals, who were as much opposed to the movement as any of their brethren. The failure of the anti-subscription movement caused some of the clergy, who were unorthodox in their views on the doctrine of the Trinity, to quit the Church, which was a decided gain and increase of strength to the cause of religion in the land. For these men had been occupying an untenable position, misleading and perplexing their congregations, and ministering with uneasy consciences. Freed from the trammels which had oppressed them, they would be able to work with

honesty and earnestness in upholding what they thought to be the truth. Thus the effect of the anti-subscription movement was to make the clergy as a body more orthodox, and more attached to the Prayer-book.

In a pleasant, gossiping essay on "Church Abuses," Mr. Overton offers some kindly, if not very vigorous, protests against the indiscriminating abuse which has been heaped on the clergy of the eighteenth century. His words may help us not only to answer the charges which have been made, but also to account for the fact of their having been made. "There was a strong and growing tendency," he writes, "in the Georgian era to make the very worst of clerical delinquencies. For it is a curious fact that, while the Church as an establishment was most popular, her ministers were most unpopular."* We think that this fact is a strong testimony in favor of the clergy. The age, without doubt, was a grossly immoral one. Had the clergy been as bad as the laity, they would not have been unpopular, but the reverse. The very fact of their giving countenance to the irregularities of the laity, by sharing in them, would have made them popular. When, therefore, we are assured that "there had never been a time when the ministers of religion were held in so much contempt as in the Hanoverian period, or when satire on Churchmen was so congenial to the general feeling,"† we put this down to the credit of the clergy—"malis displicere laudari est." To be scoffed at by such writers as Lord Hervey, Lord Chesterfield, and Horace Walpole, is no discredit. But it is a remarkable fact that, though the clergy of this period were so unpopular, and though all the wits exercised their ingenuity in holding them up to ridicule, "we find singularly few charges of gross immorality brought against them. Excessive love of preferment, and culpable inactivity in performing the duties of their office, are the worst accusations that are brought against them."‡

It would be absurd to contend that the clergy of the eighteenth century had the energy, activity, and general earnestness, of those of to-day. But their age was not suited for it. What good could be done, must be done quietly, unostentatiously. There was no machinery for producing

* English Church, ii. 20.

† Mr. Patteson in *Essays and Reviews*, quoted in English Church, ii. 20.

‡ English Church, ii. 46.

* English Church, i. 440.

great and striking results, no religious papers, no great organizations, no missions. The parish priest had to trust to his own unaided labors. Neglected by his bishops, despised by the great and rich, miserably underpaid, with but few comforts in life, he yet might often be found leading a laborious life among his people, striving both by precept and example to raise them somewhat above the low tone of the prevailing immorality. But, it may be said, how can this estimate of the clergy of that day be reconciled with the attitude which they took towards the Methodists, and the sturdy and violent opposition with which, in many cases, they met the work of the Wesleys and Whitefield? Were not the Wesleys thrust out of the Church because they were too spiritual-minded, too earnest, for the low standard then prevailing among the clergy? We answer that there was no thrusting out of the Wesleys by the Church. The whole thing is a dream. The simple truth is, that John Wesley commenced a system which, after a time, led of necessity, and by the natural laws of growth and expansion, to a separation from the Church. This was soon perceived by all those who were principally concerned in leading the movement. The Wesleys were at first assisted by many of the clergy. These men went with John Wesley as far as they lawfully could, and then they drew back. They were able to accept the Methodist view of doctrine, that conversion is to be tested by inward assurance; and of discipline, that bishops were to be obeyed by them only when their consciences agreed to their order; but when it came to the administration of the holy communion by the lay preachers, they could go no further. There can scarcely be a doubt that, had it not been for his affection to his brother, Charles Wesley would have quitted the movement at this point.* Mr. Grimshaw, a clergyman who had acted much with the Wesleys, did, in fact, withdraw, declaring that "the Methodists are no longer members of the Church of England. They are as real a body of Dissenters from her as the Presbyterians, Baptists, Quakers, or any body of Independents."† But though strongly appealed to on this vital matter, John Wesley made no sign. He did not approve the practice of laymen administering the holy communion, but he would not hin-

der it, which, with the autocratic power which he possessed, he might easily have done. By permitting this schismatical practice, and by the no less schismatical act of consecrating bishops for America, John Wesley did, in fact, separate from the Church of his own will, and was in no sense driven out.* From henceforth the clergy could not properly sanction the Methodists, nor allow Mr. Wesley the use of their pulpits. Sober ministers of the Church of England also could not but be offended at the wild subjectivity of the views of the Methodists, and the hysterical paroxysms which were often witnessed at their services.

But (it is contended) John Wesley remained a High Churchman to the end of his days. There are indeed abundance of well-known utterances of his in favor of the Church; but when we come to contrast these with his acts, we shall find somewhat of discordance. For instance, when told by the Bishop of Bristol that he had no license to preach in his diocese, he quietly informed the bishop that he should preach where he thought it best to preach.† When James Harvey remonstrated with him on his irregularities as being opposed to Catholic principles, he answered, "If by Catholic principles you mean any other than Scriptural, they weigh nothing with me."‡ The following represents his view of schism: "These steps — not of choice, but of necessity — I have slowly and deliberately taken. If any one is pleased to call this separating from the Church, he may. But *the law of England does not call it so*, nor can any one be properly said to do so, unless out of conscience he refuses to join in the service and partake of the sacraments administered therein."§ So, then, no amount of schismatical acts was to be regarded as constituting schism, unless the doer of the acts chose to regard himself as a schismatic. We can easily understand that a clergyman of real Church principles would find it hard to act with the Methodists; but as to the leaders of Methodism being driven out of the Church, the assertion is altogether preposterous. With regard to the controversial persecution, Bishops Gibson, Lavington, and Warburton, and Dr. Waterland, only did their bounden duty in defending the Catholic doctrine from the

* When John Wesley ordained Coke and Asbury to be "superintendents," and Whatcoat and Vasey to be elders, he to all intents and purposes crossed the Rubicon. (English Church, ii. 83.)

† Tyerman, i. 245.

‡ English Church, ii. 76.

§ Ibid. ii. 83.

* See Tyerman's Life of Wesley, ii. 382.

† Tyerman's Life of Wesley, quoted — Student's English Church History, p. 591.

mistaken subjectivity of the Revivalists; and in the later controversy with the Evangelicals, the Wesleys and Arminian school were quite able to hold their own. There is no trace of any harsh treatment of the Wesleys by the bishops. Bishop Horne of Norwich, as has been already stated, told his clergy to admit them to their churches. Bishop Lowth seems to have flattered John Wesley somewhat inordinately. The Bishop of Exeter entertained him at dinner. Archbishop Potter was "very affectionate to him."* Indeed, the fault of the Church seems to have been on the opposite side to that on which it is usually blamed. It ought to have taken a firm and united stand against the eccentricities of the Methodists. But the abeyance of Convocation rendered this impossible. Meantime the clergy had to stand by powerless, and see the utmost confusion introduced into their parishes, the parochial system utterly ignored, and even in those parishes where it was acknowledged that the "Gospel" was most fully preached, the chapel set up as a rival to the church.† It was natural that they should feel some annoyance at this; and though the Wesleys never spoke bitterly of the clergy, yet the railings of George Whitefield were notorious, and sufficiently exasperating. The clergy also would be apt to consider that there was, after all, nothing so very wonderful in the results of the labors of the Methodists, inasmuch as they kept up a continual excitement, and by rapidly shifting from one place to another, provided novelty both for the hearers and the preachers. John Wesley himself had never had the charge of a parish, and he utterly undervalued parochial work.

He was of opinion—surely a most erroneous opinion—that if he were confined to one spot he should preach himself and his whole congregation asleep in a twelvemonth. He never estimated at its proper value the real solid work which others were doing in their respective parishes. He bitterly regretted that Fletcher would persist in wasting his sweetness on the desert air of Madeley. He had little faith in the permanency of the good which the Apostolic Walker was doing at Truro. Much as he esteemed Venn of Huddersfield, he could not be content to leave the parish in his hands. He expressed himself very strongly to Adams of Winteringham on the futility of

his work in his parish. He utterly rejected Walker's advice, that he should induce some of his itinerant preachers to be ordained, and to settle in country parishes. He thought that this would not only narrow their sphere of usefulness, but also cripple their energies even in their contracted sphere. (English Church, ii. 75.)

It might be thought, not unnaturally, by the clergy, that a system which required all this novelty and sensationalism was hardly based upon a very sure foundation, and that the results of it, though numerically striking, might often be spurious and transitory. Hence they might not feel themselves powerfully moved by the numbers of "conversions" reported to them, but, judging that the prevailing excitement would account for a good deal, they might determine to wait for the ultimate results. Somewhat may therefore be said in excuse of the attitude of the clergy towards the Wesleys, though no doubt some things were done which were not excusable. The Church, indeed, owes much to the Revivalists, but that could not be seen so clearly by the men of that generation as it can be now. We must endeavor, in judging of this matter, to put ourselves in the place of the parish priest of the eighteenth century—one who had been carefully building up through a long life sober practical religion among his people, but who suddenly finds his parish invaded, his church emptied, and himself despised; and hears fanatical ravings and hysterical convulsions quoted as marks of the Spirit's presence—before we can be in a position to arbitrate aright. We are used to these things now, and the phenomenon of Church and Chapel going on amicably side by side may be seen in every village; but then it was new and strange. To doctrinal dissent and systematic schism the clergy had of course been long accustomed, but here was a new development. Here was a profession of complete doctrinal agreement, and a disclaiming of schism, and yet all the effects of most complete antagonism produced. Surely there was something to excuse, though not to justify, bitterness and roughness.

To a considerable number of the clergy the teaching of Whitefield was much more acceptable than that of the Wesleys. The Calvinism of the Puritans was still the favored creed of many, and these were greatly scandalized by the "full and free salvation" on which John Wesley delighted to dwell. Whitefield adopted the Calvinistic views, and on this ground a

* English Church, ii. 9, note.

† This was the case at Huddersfield, where Mr. Venn was "loved, esteemed, and constantly attended" by the Methodists.

practical separation took place between him and the Wesleys. In the earlier days of the Wesleyan movement there had been much uncertainty in their teaching as to the place to be occupied by good works, but when after the Conference of 1771 a declaration as to their *necessity* was published by the Methodists, all the Calvinistical clergy were at once set against them. Of these, some co-operated with the irregular proceedings of Whitefield and his patroness, Lady Huntingdon. Some held aloof from their ministrations as judging them illegal, but none of them attacked Whitefield with the fierce and truculent onslaughts which were made by Mr. Toplady and Rowland Hill upon the Wesleys. Singularly enough, the opposition to Whitefield came from the side of the Dissenters, and one of his chief opponents was Dr. Watts. Towards the close of the century the school of clergy who favored the theology of Whitefield had increased to a very considerable extent, and had gained for themselves the name of the Evangelicals. We need only mention the well-known names of the Venns, Newton, Knight, Cecil, Simeon, Scott, Unwin, Shirley, Robinson, Romaine. These divines, being given to public demonstrations and frequent preaching, and being ready to show by divers outward peculiarities the zeal which unquestionably animated them, attracted general attention, and are usually regarded as the best representatives of the Church of England of their day, and as being the salt which saved the mass from corruption. With this view we are not disposed altogether to agree. We believe that there were many clergy in the Church of England at the close of the century less known and regarded than these good men, who yet were much better representatives than they were of the true Church of England type — men, many of whom "have left no memorial," but to whose fostering care and preservation of ancient traditions we owe the vigorous Churchmanship of the present day.

And if the clergy of the eighteenth century are not to be condemned so hastily, as is sometimes done, for lack of religious earnestness, it would be still more rash and reprehensible to condemn them for lack of learning. We must, of course, make allowance for the special situation in which the Church of England found itself at the beginning of the century.

There can be no question that it suffered an immense loss by the secession of the nonjurors, and that in divers ways.

The seceding clergy took with them not only much of the devotion and earnestness, but also very much of the learning of the English Church. And the learning, which by their departure they made useless to the Church of England, was of that special character which a Church peculiarly needs. It was ecclesiastical and patristic learning — a knowledge of and familiar acquaintance with Fathers, Liturgies, and primitive usage and thought. This in a great measure was lost to the English Church by the cession of such men as Hicks and Kettlewell, Leslie and Dodwell, Collier and Brett. These divines were the legitimate successors of Andrewes and Hammond, Mede and Taylor, but they themselves left no successors in the Church of England. A new school of theologians came to the front. The ancient faith of the Church was assailed, not by outsiders or unbelievers, but by divines in full communion with her. Clarke and Jackson, Whitby and Sykes, attacked with more or less skill and success the doctrine of the Trinity, the Athanasian Creed, subscription to the Articles, the doctrine of the Eucharist. The Bangorian controversy seemed to have set a host of pens in motion, and the perfect freedom allowed to all after the Hanoverian succession seemed at once to bring forth from her own bowels an array of enemies to the system of the Church. These men wrote vigorously and well. There was no lack of talent or learning. But they wrote in altogether a different spirit, and from a different point of view, from that of the older divines of the Church of England. They had no special regard for antiquity. They quoted the Fathers argumentatively, but not with reverence or respect for their authority. They reasoned from the nature of things, and would have everything subjected to logical proof. They were met on their own ground, with their own weapons, in their own manner, by one who has earned for himself the lasting gratitude of the Church of England — Daniel Waterland. Waterland argued and wrote against Arians, Latitudinarians, and Sacramentalists, and with equal success in all subjects. His greatest works were on the doctrine of the Trinity, but there was not one of his works which was not timely and useful. His works do not, any more than those of his opponents, bear the character of our earlier English theology, but they were probably far more valuable in their day than Hammond, Andrewes, or Mede, would have been. They are less massive,

less imaginative, but more strictly to the point.

Not only from his profound learning and acuteness, but from the general cast of his mind, Waterland was singularly adapted for the work which he undertook. He always knew exactly what he meant, and he also knew how to convey his meaning to his readers. His style was nervous and lucid, and he never sacrifices clearness to the graces of diction. No one can ever complain that Waterland is obscure. (English Church, i. 507.)

Considered strictly as a controversialist, Waterland has no equal among the divines of the Church of England. To the eighteenth century must be conceded this honor of having raised up the most able and dexterous defender of the faith that our Church has known. Waterland's work was directed against writers within the Church, or at any rate within the pale of Christianity; but another and perhaps a more dangerous class of assailants had to be met — the deistical writers — with whom arguments drawn from Scripture and fathers would have no weight. To this controversy two divines of the English Church made monumental contributions. Bishop Butler put forth the most elaborate and unanswerable *argumentum ad verecundiam* which has perhaps ever appeared. Bishop Warburton constructed and worked out with immense learning a huge *reductio ad absurdum*. Neither of these great writers has had successors. The complete demonstration made by Butler, that precisely the same difficulties are to be found in nature as are to be found in revelation, left that part of the argument against deism complete as far as it goes; and no one has ventured to follow Warburton over the somewhat perilous ground of the absurdity of supposing that the Israelites were governed merely by human sanctions and human laws. Butler and Warburton stand apart, as it were, in this controversy, through the special character of their subjects, and their peculiar method of treatment; but of treatises against the deists the literature of the eighteenth century is full, from the sparkling dialogue of Bishop Berkeley, to the heavy good sense of Leland. It cannot be alleged against the English Church of this period, that it was backward or deficient in providing champions for the faith when assault and battery was suddenly opened upon it from this new ground.

In two departments of theology a vast advance has been made in modern times, those, namely, of textual criticism and

exegesis of the Scriptures. The earliest cultivator of the first of these two important fields of study was Richard Bentley, the greatest word-critic that has ever been known in this country. In the latter subject it must be confessed that the eighteenth century can furnish no distinguished luminary. We can hardly claim so high a place for the learning of Dr. Whitby, or the devout lucubrations of Adam Clarke and Thomas Scott. But it must be remembered that the conditions under which these men wrote were altogether different from those which belong to writers of the present day. They were hampered by the hopeless dogma of verbal inspiration. Under these circumstances critical exegesis was scarcely possible. The commentator either evaded the crux altogether, or shrouded his weakness in a cloud of words. This difficulty did not hamper so much another method of Christian exegesis, namely, that of sermons. Here there was freedom in the selection of subjects, and no need to enter upon unnecessary difficulties. The very mention of eighteenth-century sermons is apt to cause a shudder in a reader of to-day. But they were very differently regarded in their own time. We are inclined to doubt Mr. Abbey's assertion, that "at the opening of the eighteenth century the pulpit was no longer the power it had been in past days."* It is true that the style of sermons had changed. They were no longer the discursive, imaginative, and somewhat overloaded discourses of the Caroline era. The immense influence and popularity of Tillotson had sufficed to revolutionize sermon-writing, and to form a new standard of criticism for sermons. Atterbury and the High Churchmen, while eschewing Tillotson's dangerous principles, nevertheless formed their discourses on his model. The discourses were suited to the age, and were highly appreciated. A writer in "The Tatler," speaking of Atterbury, says of him that "he adds to the propriety of speech which might pass the criticism of Longinus, an action which would have been approved by Demosthenes. He never attempts your passions till he has convinced your reason. All the objections which he can form are laid open and dispersed before he uses the least vehemence in his sermon; but when he thinks he has your head, he very soon wins your heart."† From the days of Tillotson to the days of

* English Church, ii. 490.

† Tatler, No. 66.

the Calvinistic Evangelicals was the era of "rational" discourses. The subject was argued out: appeals were made to the reasoning faculty. This was the popular sort of theology and the taste of the age. Sermons such as Sherlock's and Blair's, and Horne's and Horsley's, were enjoyed as an intellectual treat. It is unfair to judge them by the standard of to-day. Sermons must needs be adapted to the tone of thought, feeling, and sentiment of their time. The age was unsentimental, prosaic, and rational. The sermons followed suit. "It was some credit to the age," writes Mr. Abbey, "that the preaching which it chiefly valued should have been of a sort whose characteristic excellence was that it ever sought in plain, unaffected language to commend the Christian faith to the sober reasoning of thinking people."* But if the sermons of the eighteenth century are undervalued in the present day, the same can hardly be said of the essayists. It is pretty generally admitted that the art of putting obvious truths into a neat and telling form, so as to be read and remembered by the masses, has never flourished in such perfection as in the earlier part of the eighteenth century. As Swift, the most pungent of the essay-writers, was also a divine, the Church may claim some share in the reputation which this class of writers has acquired. Mr. Overton very properly defends Swift from the charge of irreligion.† We may go farther than this, and say that no man did in his day better service in upholding religion against the scoffer and the infidel. His inimitable irony was exactly suited to take effect upon a class of minds which would have been perfectly callous to exhortation or moving appeal. It is superfluous to say that Swift has had no successor. Never since his time has English prose, rich in all the beauties of style, been made the instrument for discharging such barbed shafts of wit and sarcasm. As the century advances, literature becomes more prosaic. More and more is it borne in upon the mind, that the great defect of this period is the lack of imagination. The poets are satirists, and occupied with the affairs of daily life. There is no lack of learned divines: such, in addition to those already named, were Bingham, Wall, Prideaux, Balguy, and a host of others. There is no lack of devout men: such as were William Law, Thomas Wil-

son, Samuel Wesley. But there is a grievous lack of men who can give the poetical element to religion, embody it in striking and attractive prose, or still more attractive verse. There are no sacred poets. Addison, perhaps, comes the nearest to being one, but there is a lack of warmth in his well-known hymns. In Pope's handling of religious subjects "there is no depth of feeling; no grandeur of sentiment; no imaginative power."* Thomson's popular poem has, however, more of the religious spirit in it. What tortures were inflicted upon the Psalms of David it is needless to mention.† What Swift writes of one of these torturers may be applied to all:—

Poor David never could acquit
A criminal like thee.
Against his Psalms who could commit
Such wicked poetry.‡

At length the utter unsuitableness of the Psalms for English metrical rendering set the hymn-writers in motion, and it must be confessed that many very beautiful hymns were produced in that unimaginative time. Among the multitude of collections of these lyrics which our day has seen and welcomed, the verses of Watts and Doddridge, of C. Wesley and Toplady, of Newton and Cowper, still hold their place, and, it may be added, are not overshadowed by any more recent effusions.

No sketch of the religion of the Church of England during the eighteenth century would be at all complete, without some account of the Church observances and Church services of that day. A chapter on these subjects is given us in the volumes under consideration, and contains much interesting information. As to the fabrics of the churches, but little care was shown for their preservation and adornment, and but little reverence was felt for the sacredness of the building and its separation from profane uses. But we must be careful, in all fairness, not to blame the age too severely for this. This state of things was not peculiar to that age. Indeed, matters were far worse in this respect in the Middle Ages. Then it was customary to hold law-courts, fairs, and markets, in churches—to eat, drink, and sleep in them—to act plays and interludes within their walls, and to allow in them church-ales and drinking-bouts. It

* English Church, ii. 263.

† It is said that sixty-five versions of them in poetry were made in the eighteenth century.

‡ Swift's Remarks on Gibbs's Psalms.

* English Church, ii. 492.

† Ibid. i. 451.

is probable that the custom of setting up pews in churches was due originally to the common and unseemly uses to which the naves of churches were put. The system of enclosed boxes soon became the established rule, and not only spoilt the architectural effect of the building, but, by isolating the congregation into a number of little family parties, destroyed the notion of united worship, and of any hearty joining in the responses and psalmody. Under this system the Church of the eighteenth century suffered heavily.

The horrible taste in decoration prevalent in the Georgian era — the doves, the cherubs, the huge eyes, the painted curtains, the gaudy altar-pieces — seem to us in the present day enough to have made their churches insufferable. But it should be remembered that it was not so to the men and women of that day. The decoration displayed in churches was all of a piece with that which was to be seen in houses, in dress, in equipages, in liveries, in uniforms. It was all heavy, massive, and ugly together. But it was the deliberate taste of the age, and perhaps not so very much inferior to the neat uniformity of the compo-Gothic church of the beginning of this century. But however ugly the eighteenth-century churches were, it is certain that they were used, at least in the earlier part of the century, with much zeal. The author of the "Defence of the Church and Clergy of England" (1709) says: "It is a great ease and comfort to good Christians within the cities of London and Westminster, and the suburbs of them, that in most churches there be constant prayers morning and evening." He adds that in country places prayers were ordinarily said on Wednesdays and Fridays. The author of "*Pietas Londinensis*" tells us that many churches had, besides the daily service, weekly communion and preparation lectures. There was a good deal of ritual observance, such as would have delighted St. Alban's or Margaret Street. "Some would not go to their seats in church till they had kneeled and prayed at the rails of the communion table; they would not be content to receive the sacrament there kneeling, but with prostration and striking of the breast and kissing of the ground, as if there were an host to be adored."* There were services at five or six o'clock in the morning, at which might sometimes be seen as many as five hun-

dred attendants. Those who were influenced by Mr. Law's teaching in his "Serious Call" (and they were a very large number) would be especially observant of the external duties of religion. His model character, Miranda, has her scheme of devotion so regularly marked out that "she does not know what it is to have a dull half day."* The record of his own life at King's Cliffe, with that of the two good ladies who lived under his direction, may serve to show what was the ideal of religious life in the eighteenth century. There was the rising at five in the morning, the long family devotions morning and evening, the attendance at the Church service, the systematic mapping out of time for good works. "Law had described in the 'Serious Call' the sort of life a Christian, in his opinion, ought to live; and that life he strove to live himself to the very letter."† It may fairly be said that religion in the eighteenth century was more full of outward observance than it is to-day.

It must have been a rude shock to many a devout soul when William Law, the great prophet of this observant religion, glided into mysticism, the very essence of which is to undervalue the external and the visible. Mr. Overton gives us a chapter to explain mysticism. We cannot say that he is very successful. The impression left upon our minds is that mysticism is any nonsense that a man calling himself a mystic chooses to talk or write, and certainly William Law as a mystic contrived to write and talk the wildest nonsense. John Wesley, who had broken from the Moravians on the ground of their mysticism, felt himself called upon to oppose his instructor on the same ground, and there were some very sharp passages between the two. Wesley wrote a pamphlet against Law, which the friends of the latter thought "unchristian" and "wicked," and Law described the attack as "a juvenile composition of emptiness and pertness, below the character of any man who had been serious in religion but half a month."‡ And as Law's mysticism was distasteful to the Wesleys, so was it also to the Calvinistic Evangelicals, for Law was ever, even in his wildest utterances, a strong anti-Calvinist. Had this good man continued to write in the style and on the principles of the "Serious Call," the effect which his earlier writings had produced might have continued far into the

* Kennett's Life, p. 127.

* Law's Life, p. 103.

† Ibid. p. 232.

‡ Ibid. p. 383.

century. His later utterances, however, breathed only a hopeless melancholy and an utter despair of human nature. In his "Address to the Clergy" he says: "All that can be called your own is mere helpless sin and misery, and nothing that is good can come from you, but as it is done by the continual and immediate breathing and inspiration of another Spirit, given by God to overrule your own, to save and deliver you from all your own goodness, wisdom, and learning, which always were and always will be as corrupt and impure, as earthly and sensual, as your own flesh and blood."* This sad utterance was about coincident in point of time with Bishop Butler's noble sermons on human nature, but it is to be feared that the antidote was not known so widely as the mischief which it might have cured. Law in his mysticism had a certain amount of followers both among clergy and laity. And thus a new antagonism was raised up to genuine Church of England religion from a quarter where it might have found its best support. Between the mysticism which despised all externals—the Wesleyanism which relied upon feelings and trances and dreams—the Evangelicals who disparaged good works—it was hard indeed for the principles of Herbert and Hammond, of Ken and Wilson, to find a congenial home; and it is scarcely to be wondered at, that comparatively little of true spiritual Churchmanship is to be met with in the later part of the century. But this was not extinct, nor indeed nearly so scarce as some would have us believe. The subjectivity of the Evangelicals had its day, but the sacramental doctrine of the Church was still cherished and taught by many a genuine son of the Church of England, until the great Oxford movement fifty years ago gave it a new expression, and stirred it up to the obtaining of more widely felt results.

* Law's Works, ix. 17.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XLVI.

WHILE Oona was standing on the verge of these mysteries a trial of a very different kind had fallen to Walter. They had exchanged parts in this beginning of their union. It was his to lead the two elder ladies into those rooms which were to him connected with the most painful mo-

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ments of his life, but to them conveyed no idea beyond the matter of fact that they were more comfortably furnished and inhabitable than was to be expected in such a ruin. Even to Mrs. Methven, who was interrogating his looks all the time, in an anxious endeavor to know what his feelings were, there seemed nothing extraordinary in the place save this. She seated herself calmly in the chair, which he had seen occupied by so different a tenant, and looking smiling towards him, though always with a question in her eyes, began to express her wonder why, with Auchnasheen so near, it had been thought necessary to retain a dwelling-place among these ruins; but since Walter did from time to time inhabit them, his mother found it pleasant that they were so habitable, so almost comfortable, and answered old Macalister's apologies for the want of a fire or any preparations for their coming with smiling assurances that all was very well, that she could not have hoped to find rooms in such careful repair. Mrs. Forrester was a great deal more effusive. She was pleased beyond measure to see everything, which was what nobody on the loch had done for many years. Even on the occasion when the Williamsons invaded Lord Erradeen's solitude they had not been admitted to any investigation of this part of the house; and she examined everything with a flow of cheerful remark, divided between Lord Erradeen and his old servant, with whom, as with everybody on the loch, she had the acquaintance of a lifetime.

"I must see your wife, Macalister," she said, "and make her my compliment on the way she has kept everything. It is really just a triumph, and I would like to know how she has done it. To keep down the damp even in my little house, where there are always fires going, and every room full, is a constant thought—and how she does it here, where it is so seldom occupied—The rooms are just wonderfully nice rooms, Lord Erradeen, but I would not say they were a cheerful dwelling—above all, for a young man like you."

"No, they are not a very cheerful dwelling," said Walter with a smile, which to his mother, watching him so closely, told a tale of pain which she did not understand indeed, yet entered into with instinctive sympathy. The place began to breathe out suffering and mystery to her; she could not tell why. It was cold, both in reality and sentiment, the light coming into it from the cold north-east, from the

mountains which stood up, dark and chill above the low shining of the setting sun. And the cold affected her from his eyes, and made her shiver.

"I think," she said, "we must not stay too long. The sun is getting low, and the cold —"

"But where is Oona?" said Mrs. Forrester. "I would not like to go away till she has had the pleasure too. Oh, yes, it is a pleasure, Lord Erradeen — for you see we cannot look out at our own door without the sight of your old castle before our eyes, and it is a satisfaction to know what there is within. She must have stayed outside, among the ruins that she was always partial to. Perhaps Macalister will go and look for her — or, oh! Lord Erradeen, but I could not ask you to take that trouble."

"My lord," said old Macalister aside, "if it had been any other young lady I wad have been after her before now. Miss Oona is just wonderful for sense and judgment; but when I think upon yon wall —"

"I will go," said Walter. Amid all the associations of this place, the thought of Oona had threaded through every movement of his mind. He thought now that she had stayed behind out of sympathy, now that it was indifference, now — he could not tell what to think. But no alarm had crossed his thoughts. He made a rapid step towards the door, then paused, with a bewildering sense that he was leaving two innocent women without protection in a place full of dangers which they knew nothing of. Was it possible that his enemy could assail him through these unsuspecting simple visitors? He turned back to them with a strange pang of pity and regret, which he himself did not understand. "Mother," he said, "you will forgive me — it is only for a moment?"

"Walter!" she cried, full of surprise; then waved her hand to him with a smile, bidding him "Go, go — and bring Miss Forrester." Her attitude, her smile of perfect security and pleasure, went with him like a little picture as he went down the spiral stairs. Mrs. Forrester was in it also, in all her pretty faded color and animation, begging him — "Dear me, not to take the trouble; for no doubt Oona was just at the door, or among the ruins, or saying a word to Hamish about the boat."

A peaceful little picture — no shadow upon it; the light a little cold, but the atmosphere so serene and still. Strange

contrast to all that he had seen there — the conflict, the anguish, which seemed to have left their traces upon the very walls. He hurried down-stairs with this in his mind, and a lingering of all his thoughts upon the wistful smiling of his mother's face — though why at this moment he should dwell upon that was a wonder to himself. Oona was not on the grassy slope before the door, nor talking to Hamish at the landing-place, as her mother suggested. There was no trace of her among the ruins. Then, but not till then, Walter began to feel a tremor of alarm. There came suddenly into his mind the recollection of that catastrophe of which he had been told in Edinburgh by its victim; it sent a shiver through him, but even yet he did not seriously fear; for Oona was no stranger to lose herself upon the dangerous places of the ruin. He went hurriedly up the steps to the battlements, where he himself had passed through so many internal struggles, thinking nothing less than to find her in one of the embrasures, where he had sat and looked out upon the loch. He had been startled, as he came out of the shadow of the house, by a faint cry, which seemed to issue from the distance, from the other extremity of the water, and which was indeed the cry for help to which Oona had given utterance when she felt the wall crumbling under her feet, which the wind had carried far down the loch, and which came back in a distant echo. Walter began to remember this cry as he searched in vain for any trace of her. And when he reached the spot where the danger began and saw the traces that some other steps had been there before him, and that a shower of crumbling mortar and fragments of stone had fallen, his heart leaped to his throat with sudden horror, but it was calmed by the instant reassurance that had she fallen there he must have found her below. He looked round him bewildered, unable to conceive what had become of her. Where had she gone? The boat lay at the landing-place, with Hamish in waiting; not a flutter of a veil was to be seen to afford any trace of her; all was silence about and around. "Oona!" he cried, but the wind caught his voice too, and carried it away to the village on the other bank, to her own isle away upon the glistening water, where Oona was not. Where was she? His throat began to grow parched, his breath to labor with the hurry of his heart. He stood on the verge of the precipice of broken masonry, looking now to the stony

pinnacles above, where nothing but a bird (he thought) could have found the way; now over the ruined battlements to the ledge of rock upon which the waters rose and fell; now down, with an agonized gaze, into the interior, where—thank Heaven for so much certainty—she could not have fallen, but saw nothing, heard nothing, save the rustle of the awful silence which wounded his ear, and the vacancy that made his eyes ache with a feverish strain.

The two mothers meanwhile talked calmly in the room below, where Macalister had lighted the fire, and where, in the cheerful blaze and glow, everything became still more cosy and tranquil and calm. Perhaps even the absence of the young pair whose high strain of existence at the moment could not but disturb the elder souls with sympathy, made the quiet waiting, the pleasant talk, more natural. Mrs. Methven had been deeply touched by her son's all unneeded apology for leaving her. She could have laughed over it, and cried, it was so kind, so tender of Walter, yet unlike him, the late awakening of thought and tenderness to which she had never been accustomed, which penetrated her with a sweet and delightful amusement as well as happiness. She had no reason to apprehend any evil, neither was Mrs. Forrester afraid for Oona. "Oh no, she is well used to going about by herself. There is nobody near but knows my Oona. Her family and all her belongings have been on the loch I might say since ever it was a loch; and if any stranger took it upon him to say an uncivil word, there is neither man nor woman for ten miles round but would stand up for her—if such a thing could be," Mrs. Forrester added with dignity, "which is just impossible and not to be thought of. And as for rough roads or the hillside, I would trust her as soon as the strongest man. But I would like her to see the books and what a nice room Lord Erradeen has here, for often we have been sorry for him, and wondered what kind of accommodation there was, and what good it could do to drag the poor young man out of his comfortable house, if it was only once in the year—"

"And why should he come here once in the year?" Mrs. Methven asked with a smile.

"That is just the strange story: but I could not take upon myself to say, for I know nothing except the common talk, which is nonsense, no doubt. You will never have been in the north before?"

said Mrs. Forrester, thinking it judicious to change the subject.

"Never before," Mrs. Methven replied, perceiving equally on her side that the secrets of the family were not to be gleaned from a stranger; and she added, "My son himself has not yet seen his other houses, though this is the second time he has come here."

"It is to be hoped," said the other, "that now he will think less of that weary London, which I hear is just an endless traffic of parties and pleasure, and settle down to be a Scots lord. We must make excuses for a young man that naturally likes to be among his own kind, and finds more pleasure in an endless on-going than ladies always understand. Though I will not say but I like society very well myself, and would be proud to see my friends about me, if it were not for the quiet way that Oona and I are living upon a little bit isle, which makes it always needful to consider the weather, and if there is a moon, and all that; and besides that, I have no gentleman in the house."

"I never had a daughter," said Mrs. Methven; "there can be no companion so sweet."

"You mean Oona? Her and me," said Mrs. Forrester, with Scotch grammar and a smile, "we are but one; and you do not expect me to praise myself? When I say we have no gentleman in the house, it is because we cannot be of the use we would wish to our friends. To offer a cup of tea is just all I have in my power, and that is nothing to ask a gentleman to; but for all that it is wonderful how constantly we are seeing our neighbors, especially in the summer time, when the days are long. But bless me, what is that?" Mrs. Forrester cried. The end of her words was lost in a tumult and horror of sound such as Loch Houran had never heard before.

Walter was half distracted with wonder and alarm. He had looked in every corner where it was possible she could have taken refuge. He sprang now upon the very edge of the battlement, where there was precarious footing though the platform within had crumbled away, and stood out there between earth and sky, eagerly scanning the higher points of the ruin. Could she have ventured there, up upon those airy heights, where, so far as he knew, no one had climbed before for ages? Every kind of horrible fear overtook him as he stood and searched everywhere with his eyes. She might have fallen through

some of the crevices into the honeycomb of ruin, half filled up, yet affording pits and chasms innumerable. She might, which was more terrible still, have been met by the master of those gloomy ruins and been driven to madness and disaster by the meeting. He stood up, poised between earth and sky, the loch sheer below lapping against the foundations of the castle, the tower rising grey and inaccessible above. Already from the village his figure was seen in mid-air, rousing an idle little group round the inn door to amazement and dismay. While he stood thus, it seemed to him that sounds suddenly broke forth from above — a voice bursting out, high, indignant, in words indistinguishable to him: and the voice was not recognisable. It was a human voice, and quivered with passion and vehemence, but that was all. The horrible question crossed his mind, was Oona there at the mercy of his enemy? when suddenly, without an interval, the sound changed into Oona's own voice, and into words of which he could distinguish one only and that was pardon. And before he had time to draw breath there suddenly flashed upon Walter's eyes a vision — was it madness coming upon him? for it could not be true — a vision, — Oona, her dress and her hair streaming behind her, in the impulse of flight, passing like the wind within the ruinous balustrade, her light figure flashing across the dark openings, her foot scarcely touching the stones over which she flew. With a loud cry he threw out his arms to her, knowing it to be a vision, yet true. Behind her flying figure there flashed out, as if in pursuit, a great sudden blaze, the red, mad gleam of fire in the sunshine, fire that flamed up to the sky and rolled along the masonry in a liquid wave of flame. He flung himself towards her he did not know how, and clutched at her wildly as she came flying over the ridges of ruin. Then sense and hearing and consciousness itself were lost in a roar as of all the elements let loose, a great, dizzy upheaving as of an earthquake. The whole world darkened around him; there was a sudden rush of air and whirl of giddy sensation, and nothing more.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The explosion startled the whole country for miles around.

The old castle was at all times the centre of the landscape, standing sombre in its ruin amid all the smiling existence of to-day. It flashed in a moment into an

importance more wonderful, blazing up to the sky in fire and flame and clouds of smoke like a great battle. The whole neighborhood, as far as sight could carry, saw this new wonder, and sprang into sudden excitement, alarm, and terror. Every soul rushed out of the village on the bank; servants appeared half frantic in front of Auchnasheen, pushing out in skiffs and fishing-cobbles upon the water which seemed to share the sudden passion of alarm, and became but one great reflection, red and terrible, of the flames which seemed to burst in a moment from every point. Some yachtsmen, whose little vessel had been lying at anchor, and who had been watching with great curiosity the moving figure on the height of the gallery round the tower, and afterwards the second adventurer on the battlement, with much laughing discussion among themselves as to the ghost and its movements, were suddenly brought to seriousness in a moment as the yacht bounded under their feet with the concussion of the air, and the idle sail flapping from the mast grew blood red in the sudden glare. It was the work of another moment to leap into their boat and speed as fast as the oars could plough through the water, to the rescue, if rescue were needed. Who could be there? they asked each other. Only old Macalister with his wife, who, safe in the lower story, would have full time to escape. But then, what was that white figure on the tower? The young men almost laughed again as they said to each other, "The warlock lord!" "Let's hope he's blown himself up and made an end of all that nonsense," said the sceptic of the party. But just then the stalwart boat-load came across a wild skiff dashing through the water, old Symington like a ghost in the stern, and red-haired Duncan, with bare arms and throat, rowing as for life and death.

"My lord is there!" cried the old man with quivering lips. "The leddies are there!"

"And Hamish and Miss Oona!" fell stammering from Duncan, half dumb with horror.

The young yachtsmen never said a word, but looked at each other and flew along over the blood-red water. Oona! It was natural they should think of her first in her sweetness and youth.

The two mothers in their tranquil talk sat still for a moment and looked at each other with pale awe on their faces, when that wild tumult enveloped them, paralyzing every other sense. They thought

they were lost, and instinctively looked in each other's faces, and put out their hands to each other. They were alone — even the old servant had left them — and there they sat breathless, expecting death. For a moment the floor and walls so quivered about them that nothing else seemed possible; but no catastrophe followed, and their faculties returned. They rose with one impulse and made their way together to the door, then, the awe of death passing, life rising in them, flew down the staircase with the lightness of youth, and out to the air, which already was full of the red flicker of the rising flames. But once there, a worse thing befell these two poor women. They had been still in the face of death, but now, with life saved, came a sense of something more terrible than death. They cried out in one voice the names of their children. "My boy!" "Oona!" Old Macalister, speechless, dragging his old wife after him, came out and joined them, the two old people looking like owls suddenly scared by the outburst of lurid light.

"Oh, what will be happening?" said the old woman, her dazed astonishment contrasting strangely with the excitement and terror of the others.

Mrs. Forrester answered her in wild and feverish volubility.

"Nothing will have happened," she said. "Oona, my darling! What would happen? She knows her way: she would not go a step too far. Oh, Oona, where are you? why will you not answer me? They will just be bewildered like ourselves, and she will be in a sore fright; but that will be for me. Oona! Oona! She will be frightened — but only for me. Oona! Oh, Hamish, man, can ye not find your young lady? The fire — I am not afraid of the fire. She will just be wild with terror — for me. Oona! Oona! Oona!" cried the poor lady, her voice ending in a shriek.

Mrs. Methven stood by her side, but did not speak. Her pale face was raised to the flaming tower, which threw an illumination of red light over everything. She did not know that it was supposed to be inaccessible. For anything she knew, her boy might be there, perishing within her sight; and she could do nothing. The anguish of the helpless and hopeless gave her a sort of terrible calm. She looked at the flames as she might have looked at executioners who were putting her son to death. She had no hope.

Into the midst of this distracted group came a sudden rush of men from the

boats, which were arriving every minute, the young yachtsmen at their head. Mrs. Forrester flung herself upon these young men, catching hold of them as they came up.

"My Oona's among the ruins," she said breathlessly. "Oh, no fear but you'll find her. Find her! find her! for I'm going out of my senses, I think. I know that she's safe, oh, quite safe! but I'm silly, silly, and my nerves are all wrong. Oh, Harry, for the love of God, and Patrick, Patrick, my fine lad! And not a brother to look after my bairn!"

"We are all her brothers," cried the youths, struggling past the poor lady, who clung to them and hindered their progress, her voice coming shrill through the roar of the flames and the bustle and commotion below. Amid this tumult her piercing "Oona! Oona!" came in from time to time, sharp with the derision of tragedy for anything so ineffectual and vain. Before many minutes had passed the open space in front of the house which stood intact and as yet unthreatened, was crowded with men, none of them, however, knowing what to do, nor, indeed, what had happened. The information that Lord Erradeen and Oona were missing was handed about among them, repeated with shakings of the head to every new-comer. Mrs. Methven standing in the midst, whom nobody knew, received all the comments like so many stabs into her heart. "Was it them that were seen on the walls just before? Then nothing could have saved them." "The wall's all breached to the loch: no cannon could have done it cleaner. It's there you'll find them." "Find them! Oh, hon! oh, hon! The bodies of them. Let's hope their souls are in a better place." The unfortunate mother heard what everybody said. She stood among strangers, with nobody who had any compassion upon her, receiving over and over again the assurance of his fate.

The first difficulty here, as in every other case of the kind, was that no one knew what to do; there were hurried consultations, advices called out on every hand, suggestions — many of them impossible — but no authoritative guide to say what was to be done. Mrs. Methven, turning her miserable looks from one to another, saw standing by her side a man of commanding appearance, who seemed to take no share in either advice or action, but stood calmly looking on. He was so different from the rest, that she appealed to him instinctively.

"Oh, sir!" she cried, "you must know what is best to be done — tell them."

He started a little when she spoke; his face, when he turned it towards her, was full of strange expression. There was sadness in it, and mortification, and wounded pride. She said after that he was like a man disappointed, defeated, full of dejection and indignation. He gave her a look of keen wonder, and then said with a sort of smile, —

"Ah, that is true!" Then in a moment his voice was heard over the crowd. "The thing to be done," he said, in a voice which was not loud, but which immediately silenced all the discussions and agitations round, "is to clear away the ruins. The fire will not burn downward — it has no food that way — it will exhaust itself. The young lady fell with the wall. If she is to be found, she will be found there."

The men around all crowded about the spot from which the voice came.

"What's that that's speaking?"

"I see nobody."

"What were you saying, sir?"

"Whoever it is, it is good advice," cried young Patrick from the yacht. "Harry, keep you the hose going on the house. I'll take the other work; and thank you for the advice, whoever you are."

Mrs. Forrester too had heard this voice, and the command and calm in it gave to her troubled soul a new hope. She pushed her way through the crowd to the spot from whence it came.

"Oh," she cried, "did you see my Oona fall? Did you see my Oona? No, no, it would not be her that felt. You are just deceived. Where is my Oona? Oh, sir, tell them where she is that they may find her, and we'll pray for you on our bended knees, night and morning, every day."

She threw herself on her knees, as she spoke, on the grass, putting up her quivering, feverish hands. The other mother, with a horror which she felt even in the midst of her misery, saw the man to whom this heartrending prayer was addressed, without casting even a glance at the suppliant at his feet, or with any appearance of interest in the proceedings he had advised, turn quietly on his heel and walk away. He walked slowly across the open space and disappeared upon the edge of the water with one glance upward to the blazing tower, taking no more note of the anxious crowd collected there than if they had not existed. Nor did any one notice this strange spectator going away at the height of the catastrophe, when everybody

far and near was roused to help. The men running hurriedly to work did not seem to see him. The two old servants of the house, Symington and Macalister, stood crowding together out of reach of the stream of water which was being directed upon the house. But Mrs. Methven took no note of them. The only thing that touched her with a strange surprise in the midst of her anguish was to see that while her Walter's fate still hung in the balance, there was one who could calmly go away.

By this time the sun had set; the evening, so strangely different from any other that ever had fallen on the loch, was beginning to darken on the hills, bringing out with wilder brilliancy the flaming of the great fire, which turned the tower of Kinloch-houran into a lantern, and blazed upwards in a great pennon of crimson and orange against the blue of the skies. For miles down the loch the whole population was out upon the roads gazing at this wonderful sight; the hillsides were crimsoned by the reflection, as if the heather had bloomed again; the water glowed red under the cool calm of the evening sky. Round about Birkenbraes was a little crowd, the visitors and servants occupying every spot from which this portent could be seen, and Mr. Williamson himself, with his daughter, standing at the gate to glean what information might be attainable from the passers-by. Katie, full of agitation, unable to undergo the common babble inside, had walked on, scarcely knowing what she did, in her in-door dress, shivering with cold and excitement. They had all said to each other that there could be no danger to life in that uninhabited place.

"Toots, no danger at all!" Mr. Williamson had said, with great satisfaction in the spectacle. "Old Macalister and his wife are just like rats in their hole, the fire will never come near them; and the ruin will be none the worse — it will just be more a ruin than ever."

There was something in Katie's mind which revolted against this easy treatment of so extraordinary a catastrophe. It seemed to her connected, she could not tell how, with the scene which had passed in her own room so short a time before. But for shame she would have walked on to Auchnasheen to make sure that Walter was in no danger. But what would he think of her — what would everybody think? Katie went on, however, abstracted from herself, her eyes upon the blaze in the distance, her heart full of dis-

turbed thoughts. All at once she heard the firm, quick step of some one advancing to meet her. She looked up eagerly; it might be Walter himself—it might be — When she saw who it was, she came to a sudden pause. Her limbs refused to carry her, her very breath seemed to stop. She looked up at him and trembled. The question that formed on her lips could not get utterance. He was perfectly calm and courteous, with a smile that bewildered her and filled her with terror.

"Is there any one in danger?" he said, answering as if she had spoken. "I think not. There is no one in danger now. It is a fine spectacle. We are at liberty to enjoy it without any drawback—now."

"Oh, sir," said Katie, her very lips quivering, "you speak strangely. Are you sure that there was no one there?"

"I am sure of nothing," he said, with a strange smile.

And then Mr. Williamson, delighted to see a stranger, drew near.

"You need not be so keen with your explanations, Katie. Of course it is the gentleman we met at Kinloch-houran. Alas! poor Kinloch-houran, we will never meet there again. You will just stay to dinner now that we have got you? Come, Katie, where are your manners? You say nothing. Indeed we will consider it a great honor—just ourselves and a few people that are staying in the house; and as for dress, what does that matter? It is a thing that happens every day. Neighbors in the country will look in without preparation; and for my part, I say always, the more the merrier," said the open-hearted millionaire.

The stranger's face lighted up with a gleam of scornful amusement.

"The kindness is great," he said, "but I am on my way to the other end of the loch."

"You are never walking?" cried Mr. Williamson. "Lord bless us! that was a thing that used to be done in my young days, but nobody thinks of now. Your servant will have gone on with your baggage? and you would have a delicacy—I can easily understand—in asking for a carriage in the excitement of the moment; but ye shall not walk past my house where there are conveyances of all kinds that it is just a charity to use. Now, I'll take no denial; there's the boat. In ten minutes they'll get up steam. I had ordered it, ready to send up to Auchnasheen for news. But as a friend would never be leaving if the family was in trouble, it is little use to do that now. I will just make

a sign to the boat, and they'll have ye down in no time; it will be the greatest pleasure, if you are sure you will not stay to your dinner in the mean time, which is what I would like best."

He stood looking down upon them both from his great height; his look had been sad and grave when he had met Katie, a look full of expression which she could not fathom. There came now a gleam of amusement over his countenance. He laughed out.

"That would be admirable," he said, offering no thanks. "I will take your boat," like a prince according, rather than receiving a favor.

Mr. Williamson looked at his daughter with a confused air of astonishment and perplexity, but he sent a messenger off in a boat to warn the steamer, which lay with its lights glimmering white in the midst of the red reflections on the loch. The father and daughter stood there silenced, and with a strange sensation of alarm, beside this stranger. They exchanged another frightened look.

"You'll be going a long journey," Mr. Williamson said, faltering, scarcely knowing what he said.

"In any case," said the stranger, "I am leaving this place."

He seemed to put aside their curiosity as something trifling, unworthy to be answered, and with a wave of his hand to them, took the path leading towards the beach.

They turned and looked after him, drawing close to each other for mutual comfort. It was twilight, when everything is confusing and uncertain. They lost sight of him, then saw him again, like a tall pillar on the edge of the water. There was a confusion of boats coming and going, in which they could not trace whither he went or how.

Katie and her father stood watching, taking no account of the progress of time, or of the cold wind of the night which came in gusts from the hills. They both drew a long sigh of relief when the steamer was put in motion, and went off down the loch with its lights like glowworms on the yards and the masts. Nor did they say a word to each other as they turned and went home. When inquiries were made afterwards, nothing but the most confused account could be given of the embarkation. The boatmen had seen the stranger, but none among them would say that he had conveyed him to the steamer; and on the steamer the men were equally confused, answering at random, with

strange glances at each other. Had they carried that passenger down to the foot of the loch? Not even Katie's keen questioning could elicit a clear reply.

But when the boat had steamed away, carrying into the silence the rustle of its machinery and the twinkling of its lights, there was another great explosion from the tower of Kinloch-houran, a loud report which seemed to roar away into the hollows of the mountains, and came back in a thousand rolling echoes. A great column of flame shot up into the sky, the stones fell like a cannonade, and then all was darkness and silence. The loch fell into sudden gloom; the men who were laboring at the ruins stopped short, and groped about to find each other through the dust and smoke which hung over them like a cloud. The bravest stood still, as if paralyzed, and for a moment, through all this strange scene of desolation and terror, there was but one sound audible, the sound of a voice which cried "Oona! Oona!" now shrill, now hoarse with exhaustion and misery, "Oona! Oona!" to earth and heaven.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

WHEN the curious and the inefficient dropped away, as they did by degrees as night fell, there were left the three youths from the yacht, Hamish, Duncan, and two or three men from the village, enough to do a greater work than that which lay before them: but the darkness and the consternation, and even their very eagerness and anxiety confused their proceedings. Such lamps as they could get from Mac-calister were fastened up among the heaps of ruins, and made a series of wild Rembrandt-like pictures in the gloom, but afforded little guidance to their work. The masses of masonry which they labored to clear away seemed to increase rather than diminish under their picks and spades — new angles of the wall giving way when they seemed to have come nearly to the foundation. And now and then from above a mass of stones penetrated through and through by the fire, and kept in their place only by mere balance, would topple down without warning, dangerously near their heads, risking the very lives of the workers; upon whom discouragement gained as the night wore on, and no result was obtained. After a while, with a mournful unanimity they stopped work and consulted in whispers what was to be done. Not a sound had replied to their cries. They had stopped a hundred times to listen, one more imag-

inative than the rest, thinking he heard an answering cry; but no such response had ever come, how was it possible, from under the choking, suffocating mass, which rolled down upon them as they worked, almost stopping their breath? They gave up altogether in the middle of the night in dejection and hopelessness. The moon had risen and shone all round them, appearing through the great chasms in the wall, making a glory upon the loch, but lending no help here, the shadow of the lower part of the house lying black over the new-made ruin. What was the use? No mortal could have fallen below those powdery heaps and yet live. They stood disconsolately consulting on the possibilities. If Walter and Oona were under those heaps of ruin, it was impossible that they could be alive, and the men asked each other, shaking their heads, what chance there was of any of those fortunate accidents which sometimes save the victims of such a calamity. The wall had been already worn by time, there were no beams, no archways which could have sheltered them — everything had come down in one mass of ruin. After many and troubled discussions they prepared reluctantly to abandon the hopeless work. "Perhaps, in the morning" — it was all that any one could say. The young yachtsmen made a last effort, calling out Walter's name. "If you can speak, for God's sake speak; any sign and we'll have you out. Erradeen! Erradeen!" they cried. But the silence was as that of the grave. A fall of powdery fragments now and then from the heap, sometimes a great stone solemnly bounding downwards from point to point, the light blown about by the night air lighting up the dark group, and the solitary figure of Hamish, apart from them, who was working with a sort of rage, never pausing, pulling away the stones with his hands. This was all; not a moan, not a cry, not a sound of existence under those shapeless piles of ruin. The only thing that broke the silence, and which came now with a heartrending monotony, because almost mechanical, was the cry of "Oona! Oona!" which Oona's mother, scarcely conscious, sent out into the night.

The men stole softly round the corner of the house which remained untouched, to get to their boats, stealing away like culprits, though there was no want of good-will in them. But they were not prepared for the scene that met them there. The little platform before the door, and the landing-place, were bright almost as

day with the shining of the moon, the water one sheet of silver, upon which the boats lay black; the grassy space below all white and clear. In the midst of this space, seated on a stone, was Mrs. Methven. She had scarcely stirred all night. Her companion in sorrow had been taken into the shelter of the house, but she, unknown and half forgotten, and strong with all the vigor of misery, had remained there, avoiding speech of any one. With all her senses absorbed in listening, not a stroke had escaped her, scarcely a word—for a long time she had stood and walked about, not asking a question, observing, seeing, hearing all that was done. But as the awful hours went on, she had dropped down upon this rough seat, little elevated above the ground, where her figure now struck the troubled gaze of the young men, as if it had been that of a sentinel watching to see that they did not abandon their work. No such thought was in her mind. She was conscious of every movement they had made. For a moment she had thought that this call upon her son meant that they had found some trace of him—but that was a mere instantaneous thrill, which her understanding was too clear to continue to entertain. She had said to herself from the beginning that there was no hope; she had said from the first what the men had said to each other reluctantly after hours of exertion. What was the good? since nothing could be done. Yet all the while as she said this, she was nursing within her bosom, concealing it even from her own consciousness, covering up the smouldering, dying fire in her heart, a hope that would not altogether die. She would not even go towards the workers when they called out her son's name to know what it was; but only waited, waited with a desperate, secret, half-heathen thought, that perhaps if she did not cry and importune, but was silent, letting God do what he would, he might yet relent and bring her back her boy. Oh be patient! put on at least the guise of patience! and perhaps he would be touched by the silence of her misery—he who had not heard her prayers. She sat going over a hundred things in her heart. That Walter should have come back to her, called her to him, opened his heart to her, as a preparation for being thus snatched from her forever! She said to herself that by-and-by she would thank God for this great mercy, and that she had thus found her son again if only for two days: but in the mean time her heart

bled all the more for the thought, and bereavement became more impossible, more intolerable, even from that, which afterwards would make it almost sweet. As she kept that terrible vigil and heard the sound of the implements with which—oh, what was it?—not him, his body, the mangled remains of him—were being sought, she seemed to see him, standing before her, leaning upon her, the strong on the weak, pouring his troubles into her bosom—as he had not done since he was a child; and now he was lying crushed beneath those stones. Oh no, no. Oh no, no—it was not possible. God was not like that, holding the cup of blessing to a woman's lips and then snatching it away. And then with an effort she would say to herself what she had said from the first, what she had never wavered in saying, that there was no hope. How could there be any hope? crushed beneath tons of falling stones—oh, crushed out of recognition, out of humanity! her imagination spared her nothing. When they found him they would tell her it was better, better, she the mother that bore him, that she should not see him again. And all the while the moon shining and God looking on. She was callous to the cry that came continually, mechanically, now stronger, now fainter, from the rooms above. "Oona, Oona!" Sometimes it made her impatient. Why should the woman cry, as if her voice could reach her child under those masses of ruin? And *she* could not cry who had lost her all; her only one! Why should the other have that relief and she none—nor any hope? But all the sounds about her caught her ear with a feverish distinctness. When she heard the steps approaching after the pause of which she had divined the meaning, they seemed to go over her heart, treading it down into the dust. She raised her head and looked at them as they came up, most of the band stealing behind to escape her eye. "I heard you," she said, "call—my son."

"It was only to try; it was to make an effort; it was a last chance."

"A last—" though she was so composed there was a catch in her breath as she said this word; but she added, with the quiet of despair, "You are going away?"

The young man who was the spokesman stood before her like a culprit with his cap in his hand.

"My brothers and I," he said, "would gladly stay if it was any use; but there is

no light to work by, and I fear — I fear — that by this time —”

“There is no more hope?” she said. “I have no hope. I never had any hope.”

The young man turned away with a despairing gesture, and then returned to her humbly, as if she had been a queen.

“We are all grieved — more grieved than words can say; and gladly would we stay if we could be of any use. But what can we do? for we are all convinced —”

“No me,” cried Hamish, coming forward into the moonlight. “No me!” his bleeding hands left marks on his forehead as he wiped the heavy moisture from it; his eyes shone wildly beneath his shaggy brows. “I was against it,” he cried, “from the first! I said what would they be doing here? But convinced, that I never will be, no till I find — Mem, if ye tell them they’ll bide. Tell them to bide. As sure as God is in heaven that was all her thought, we will find her yet.”

The other men had slunk away, and were softly getting into their boats. The three young yachtsmen alone waited, a group of dark figures about her. She looked up at them standing together in the moonlight, her face hollowed out as if by the work of years.

“He is my only one,” she said, “my only one. And you — you — you are all the sons of one mother.”

Her voice had a shrill anguish in it, insupportable to hear; and when she paused there came shrilly into the air, with a renewed passion, “Oona! Oona!” the cry that had not ceased for hours. The young man who was called Patrick flung his clenched hand into the air; he gave a cry of pity and pain unendurable.

“Go and lie you down an hour or two,” he said to the others, “and come back with the dawn. Don’t say a word. I’ll stay; it’s more than a man can bear.”

When the others were gone, this young fellow implored the poor lady to go in, to lie down a little, to try and take some rest. What good could she do, he faltered, and she might want all her strength for to-morrow — using all those familiar pleas with which the miserable are mocked. Something like a smile came over her wan face.

“You are very kind,” she said, “oh, very kind!” but no more. But when he returned and pressed the same arguments upon her, she turned away almost with impatience. “I will watch with my son to night,” she said, putting him away with her hand. And thus the night passed.

Mrs. Forrester had been taken only

half-conscious into Walter’s room early in the evening. Her cry had become mechanical, not to be stopped; but she, it was hoped, was but half aware of what was passing, the unwonted and incredible anguish having exhausted her simple being, unfamiliar with suffering. Mr. Cameron, the minister from the village, had come over on the first news, and Mysie from the isle to take care of her mistress. Together they kept watch over the poor mother, who lay sometimes with her eyes half closed in a sort of stupor, sometimes springing up wildly, to go to Oona who was ill, and wanting her, she cried, distraught. “Oona! Oona!” she continued to cry through this all. Mysie had removed her bonnet, and her light, faded hair was all dishevelled, without the decent covering of the habitual cap, her pretty color gone. Sorrow seems to lie harder on such a gentle soul. It is cruel; there is nothing in it that is akin to the mild level of a being so easy and common. It was torture that prostrated the soul — not the passion of love and anguish which gave to the other mother the power of absolute self-control, and strength which could endure all things. Mr. Cameron himself, struck to the heart, for Oona was as dear to him as a child of his own, gave up his longing to be out among the workers in order to soothe and subdue her; and though she scarcely understood what he was saying, his presence did soothe her. It was natural that the minister should be there, holding her up in this fiery passage, though she could not tell how. And thus the night went on. The moonlight faded outside; the candles paled and took a sickly hue within as the blue dawn came stealing over the world. At that chilliest, most awful moment of all the circle of time, Mrs. Forrester had sunk into half-unconsciousness. She was not asleep, but exhaustion had almost done the part of sleep, and she lay on the sofa in a stupor, not moving, and for the first time intermitting that terrible cry. The minister stole down-stairs in that moment of repose. He was himself an old man and shaken beyond measure by the incidents of the night. His heart was bleeding for the child of his spirit, the young creature to whom he had been tutor, counsellor, almost father from her childhood. He went out with his heart full, feeling the vigil insupportable in the miserable room above, yet almost less supportable when he came out to the company of the grey hills growing visible, a stern circle of spectators round about,

and realized with a still deeper pang, the terrible unmitigated fact of the catastrophe. It was with horror that he saw the other mother sitting patient upon the stone outside. He did not know her, and had forgotten that such a person existed as Lord Erradeen's mother. Had she been there all night? "God help us," he said to himself; "how selfish we are, even to the sharers of our calamity!" She looked up at him as he passed, but said nothing. And what could he say to her? For the first time he behaved himself like a coward, and fled from his duty; for what could he say to comfort her? and why insult her misery with vain attempts? Young Patrick had pressed shelter and rest upon her, being young and knowing no better. But the minister could not tell Walter's mother to lie down and rest; to think of her own life. What was her life to her? He passed her by with the acute and aching sympathy which bears a share of the suffering it cannot relieve. For his own suffering was sore. Oona, Oona, he cried to himself silently in his heart as her mother had done aloud — his child, his nursling, the flower of his flock. Mysie had told him in the intervals, when her mistress was quiet, in whispers and with tears, of all that had happened lately, and of Oona's face that was like the Sabbath of the Sacrament, so grave yet so smiling as she left the isle. This went to the old minister's heart. He passed the ruin where Hamish was still plucking uselessly, half-stupefied, at the stones, and Patrick, with his back against the unbroken wall, had fallen asleep in utter weariness. Mr. Cameron did not linger there, but sought a place out of sight of man, where he could weep, for he was old, and his heart was too full to do without some natural relief.

He went through a ruined doorway to a place where all was still green and intact, as it had been before the explosion; the walls standing, but trees grown in the deep soil which covered the old stone floor. He leaned his white head against the roughness of the wall, and shed the tears that made his old eyes heavy, and relieved his old heart with prayer. He had prayed much all the night through, but with distracted thoughts, and eyes bent upon the broken-hearted creature by whose side he watched. But now he was alone with the great and closest Friend, he to whom all things can be said, and who understands all. "Give us strength to resign her to thee," he said, pressing his old cheek against the damp and cold

freshness of the stones, which were wet with other dews than those of nature, with the few concentrated tears of age, that mortal dew of suffering. The prayer and the tears relieved his soul. He lifted his head from the wall, and turned to go back again — if, perhaps, now fresh from his Master's presence he might find a word to say to the other woman who all night long, like Rizpah, had sat silent and watched her son.

But as he turned to go away it seemed to the minister that he heard a faint sound. He supposed nothing but that some of the men who had been working had gone to sleep in a room, and were waking and stirring to the daylight. He looked round, but saw no one. Perhaps even then there came across the old man's mind some recollection of the tales of mystery connected with this house; but in the presence of death and sorrow, he put these lesser wonders aside. Nevertheless, there was a sound, faint, but yet a human movement. The old stone floor was deep under layers of soil upon which every kind of herbage and several trees grew; but in the corner of the wall against which he had been leaning, the gathered soil had been hollowed away by the droppings from above, and a few inches of the original floor was exposed. The old man's heart began to beat with a bewildering possibility. But he dared not allow himself to think of it: he said to himself that it must be a bird, a beast, something imprisoned in some crevice. He listened. God! was that a moan? He turned and rushed with the step of a boy, to where Patrick sat dozing, and Hamish, stupefied, worked on mechanically. He clutched the one out of his sleep, the other from his trance of exhaustion — "Come here! come here! and listen. What is this?" the old minister said.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN'S LIFE OF LORD LYNTHURST.*

It is now some fifteen years since a posthumous volume of Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors," containing those of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, was given to the public; and

* *Memoir of the Life of Lord Lyndhurst*. Three Times Lord Chancellor of England. From Letters and Papers in possession of his Family. By Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. London: John Murray.

seldom, in all probability, was a book received with more general condemnation. In the case of Lord Lyndhurst especially, it was felt that the narrative of his life, besides teeming with inaccuracies, was brimming over with ill-nature, and that the studied purpose of the writer had been to present his brilliant contemporary in as unfavorable a light as possible. It was pretty evident also that Lord Campbell felt that he could indulge his malevolent humor with impunity, from the answer Lord Lyndhurst had given him when asked by him to supply him with materials for his life. "Materials you shall have none from me: I have already burnt every letter and paper which could be useful to my biographer; therefore he is at liberty to follow his own inclination." Lord Campbell did follow his own inclination accordingly, and fulfilled to the letter the prophecy made by Lord Lyndhurst to Brougham years before, as quoted in the "Memoirs" of the latter.

Depend upon it [said he] Campbell will never forgive you. . . . I predict that he will take his revenge by describing you with all the gall of his nature. He will write of you, *and perhaps me too*, with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; for such is his nature.

Lord Lyndhurst, apparently, knew his man well. For what are the leading features of his life and character as portrayed by Lord Campbell? First and foremost, he is depicted as a politician who, having from his youth upwards been "a Liberal and something more," having owed his early success at the bar to his open and avowed sympathy with Radical doctrines, deliberately "ratted" to the side of the Tories for the sake of a seat in Parliament, and the certainty of political and legal advancement. As a barrister, we are told of him that he was a man habitually indolent and ease-loving — indifferent, as a rule, to the interests of his clients, and more solicitous about the effect he might produce when speaking than the ultimate result of the trial. We are told, further, that he was perfectly unscrupulous in his statement of facts, often coming into court thoroughly unprepared, and trusting to the chapter of accidents and his natural quickness to enable him to pull through without a *fiasco*. As lord chancellor and Cabinet minister, we are repeatedly told that he was disliked and mistrusted by those under whom he served, who rarely, if ever, asked his advice on any question of moment, and against whom he was perpetually intri-

guing for the leadership of his party. As a son and brother, we are left to draw the inference that he was cold-hearted and indifferent to family ties; and as a young man, neglectful of his family circle, bent only on present enjoyment, and perfectly reckless as to what might be thought or said of him. As he rose to eminence at the bar and in Parliament, it is plainly insinuated that he became unreasonably ashamed of his family origin, and when made a peer, did his best to conceal the fact that his father was an artist. We are further taught to believe that he was ostentatious and extravagant, turning his back upon the legal friends and associates of his earlier life, and opening his doors only to the rank and fashion of London society. We are further to believe, that though his engaging manners and brilliant conversational powers attracted around him a large circle of friends, yet none were free from the lash of his sarcasm; and that "there was a laughing devil in his sneer," as in turn he held up to ridicule each parting guest for the benefit of those who outstayed him.

Such are the most prominent features of the portrait that Lord Campbell has drawn of one of whom it may fairly be said, that there was no more conspicuous figure in one of the most eventful and exciting periods of our domestic history in the present century. Few indeed could have been credulous enough to believe in it at the time it was exhibited; and no doubt it is a fair matter for opinion whether Lord Lyndhurst's fame did not stand upon too high a pinnacle to render any subsequent vindication of his life and character necessary. It must, however, be remembered that, when Lord Campbell's volume first appeared, the memory of Lord Lyndhurst was yet fresh in the recollections of many who had known him intimately, and could therefore laugh to scorn the attempt of the author to palm off upon them as a true biography so vile a caricature of the great original whom they had both loved and revered. But fifteen years have passed since then; most of those who were his friends have disappeared from the scene; and the time is at hand when the biographical memoirs must remain the sole source from which present and future generations can derive their impressions of what manner of man he was, and what part he played in the history of his country. Can it, then, be a matter of surprise to any one, that to one whom Lord Lyndhurst left behind him to mourn his loss, the thought should gradu-

ally become intolerable that Lord Campbell's volume should go down to posterity as the sole biography of one whose memory was inexpressibly dear to her, and that no attempt should be made to present the British public with the genuine picture? This, as we understand it, is the one great motive that has prompted the publication of Sir Theodore Martin's interesting volume; and we do not hesitate to say that, in our opinion, he has very ably and successfully accomplished the difficult and delicate task intrusted to him. He has had serious difficulties to encounter. He has been disappointed in more sources than one from which he might have hoped to get important information—notably, the papers of Lord Beaconsfield; and he has had from first to last to contend with the fact, that the subject of his biography had done his best to prevent his life being written, by destroying all documents that he thought might be of use to a biographer. But it is impossible for a man of Lord Lyndhurst's position so entirely to efface himself. He may destroy letters written to himself, but he cannot destroy those he has written to others; and enough of his correspondence has been preserved to throw valuable light upon his character and the earlier portion of his career. From the very nature of the case, there is no doubt a deficiency of those details of the domestic circle, and correspondence and conversation with intimate friends on the politics and gossip of the day, which have lent such a charm ere now to the biographies of great men, but with which, let us add at the same time, it is quite possible for a biographical memoir to be sadly overdone. The wonder in this case is, that Sir Theodore has been able to manufacture such a satisfactory tale of bricks with the limited amount of clay and straw that he was able to obtain.

Since his volume was first published, its contents have given rise, as might have been expected, to much discussion and difference of opinion as to its merits; but we have noticed an almost universal agreement that he has succeeded in the sole object for which his task was undertaken. He has cleared Lord Lyndhurst's fame from the calumnies which had been heaped on it by Lord Campbell. No doubt, as has been suggested, and as Sir Theodore himself frankly admits, his volume would have been smoother and pleasanter reading could he have written a plain straightforward narrative without such frequent mention of Lord Campbell's

misstatements. But it must be remembered, at the same time, that to deal with and to refute these misstatements is avowedly the first motive of the book. To write a book for a special purpose, without letting that purpose appear in its pages, is to enact the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out; and in this censorious world critics without number would have doubtless urged that the misstatements were ignored because the new biographer was afraid or unwilling to grapple with them. On the other hand, had the misstatements and refutations, as others have suggested, been huddled side by side into an appendix at the end of the volume, like the expurgated passages of some Bowdlerized classic, they would have run a very fair chance of being passed over altogether. The method that Sir Theodore has chosen, has at all events this advantage, that the true and false versions appear in his narrative in their proper places—that is to say, in immediate connection with the circumstances to which they refer, and cannot therefore well remain unread. It has been gravely remarked, much to our surprise, that the world at large will know no more after reading Sir Theodore's volume, what manner of man Lord Lyndhurst was, than it did before. But if it learns nothing else, the world at large will at least learn this, that he was pretty nearly in every respect the reverse of the portrait drawn of him by Lord Campbell. The contrast between the two portraits is so remarkable, that at times, as we read, we are inclined to doubt whether the two volumes can possibly be biographies of one and the same person. Instead of a turncoat, changing his principles as easily as his garments for the sake of the position and emoluments of office, we have a statesman faithful throughout his long and brilliant career to the creed of his early life. Instead of a minister mistrusted and disliked by his leaders, we have one of whom those leaders both spoke and wrote in terms of the highest regard as a colleague in whom they reposed implicit confidence, and whose counsel they gladly sought in all emergencies. As a barrister, we have a man whose marvellous memory and quickness of intellectual grasp enabled him to learn more of the details of a complicated case in an hour than ordinary men would in days, and who therefore gave the outward appearance of one who took his work with easy indifference, but who nevertheless spared himself no labor of previous preparation, and left no stone un-

turned to do justice to his clients. We have the portrait further presented to us of a man who was a loving and dutiful son to his parents, and an affectionate brother to his sisters — who, when his father died in embarrassed circumstances, redoubled his labors at the bar in order that he might honorably discharge his liabilities, and who at all times found his happiest moments of life in the ease and relaxation of his domestic circle. We have a man who, so far from being ashamed of his family, and seeking to conceal the fact that he was an artist's son, was eminently proud of that artist's fame, and when he became a peer bought up his father's finest pictures and hung them conspicuously on the walls of his own house. We have, finally, a man who never threw off an old friend or ignored a vulgar or unfashionable acquaintance, and who, during his long life, so much of which was passed in the fierce noontide glare and turmoil of party warfare, lost fewer friends, and won for himself the love and esteem of a larger circle of distinguished men of all parties, than any other man of his time.

We wish heartily that we could accept the excuse that has been so freely offered for Lord Campbell, that he was a habitually hasty and inaccurate writer, and that all his misstatements are the result of sheer carelessness, and nothing more. Not long ago, it was urged in one contemporary, he was convicted by one who had made "Bacon and all his works" his special study, of a tissue of inaccuracies with respect to the life of the great chancellor of James I.; and as with one, so with all. But though Lord Campbell may have had no motive for disparaging the "dark-browed Verulam," the same cannot be said of him with respect to either Lord Lyndhurst or Brougham, if we are to credit the passage from Brougham's memoirs which we have already quoted. That inaccuracies are abundant throughout the pages of his last volume, too, is patent enough; and for his inveterate habit of

Men, manners, times, seasons, and facts all
Misquoting, misstating,
Misplacing, misdating,

he may take brevet rank with Sir Nathaniel Wraxall himself. But whilst he appears to have acted rigidly enough on the principle, "Nothing extenuate," it is impossible, after reading Sir Theodore Martin's *exposé* of his misstatements, to believe that he conformed to the rest of Othello's entreaty, "nor set down aught

in malice." Inaccuracy might possibly account, were the instance an isolated one, for the attributing to one speaker a joke made by another — such as that respecting "tailors and turncoats," quoted at page 258, where Lord Campbell is proved to have substituted Lord Lyndhurst for Lord King, to whom Lord Eldon really made the happy repartee. But inaccuracy alone will not account for the wholesale garbling of passages which Lord Campbell himself professes to have taken from Hansard, by the deliberate insertion of paragraphs which in every instance are necessary to prove the case that he wishes to establish against the subject of his biographical memoir. Take, for instance, this passage, which Sir Theodore quotes on the very next page, and in which Lord Campbell professes to give Lord Eldon's speech *verbatim* from Hansard: —

On a subsequent day [writes Lord Campbell] the Chancellor charged Lord Eldon with insidiously insinuating, when presenting petitions against the Roman Catholics, that they were not loyal subjects, and that they were unwilling to swear that they would support the Protestant succession to the Crown.

Lord Eldon: "*My Lords, I am not in the habit of insinuating. What I think I avow. And, my Lords, I am an open, not an insidious enemy, when I feel it my duty to oppose any measure or any man.* My character, known to my country for more than fifty years, is, I feel, more than sufficient to repel so unfounded an insinuation. *It is equally unnecessary that I should criticise the career of my accuser.*"

Here the object plainly is to picture Lord Eldon as following up his first charge against his successor of being a turncoat; and accordingly, the words in italics, not a trace of which is to be found in Hansard, are deliberately put into his mouth. Or take, again, the following extract from Copley's first speech in Parliament (150), for which Hansard is again given by Lord Campbell as his authority: —

I have expressed [said he, in a calm, lowered tone] and I will repeat the opinions which I have deliberately formed, and which I conscientiously entertain on this question. I am aware that these opinions are distasteful to some honorable members on the other side of the House, who perhaps think our institutions might be improved by a little Jacobinical admixture. (Loud cheers and counter-cheers.)

Here, again, the object was to prove that Copley's language drew down upon him "a tempest of ironical cheers" from those who had a knowledge of his Radical antecedents; and, as in the former instance, the words in italics are deliberately added.

It has been urged for Lord Campbell that he "had other sources of information besides Hansard." If so, why profess to quote Hansard as the authority for words not to be found there? But it is pretty evident that his only source of information in these and similar instances was his own inventive faculty.

We confess that we do not think it a question of such vital consequence as has been represented, whether Lord Campbell was or was not looked upon by Lord Lyndhurst as an intimate friend, and was or was not a frequent visitor at his house. In either case, as it appears to us, Lord Campbell cannot help being impaled on the horns of a serious dilemma. If he was not on the friendly terms that he himself would give us to understand, then he must have drawn upon his imagination for much of which he represents himself to have been a hearer and an eyewitness. If he was, then, even supposing that every word of his scandalous life of Lord Lyndhurst was gospel truth, he was the very last man who should have written it. Surely, as his pen travelled over the paper, he must now and then have been stung to remorse with the recollection of the text: "Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me." The ingratitude is all the blacker, as we learn from Sir Theodore Martin that on two important occasions in his own life he was indebted for advancement to the man whom he so defamed. He was indebted to him for his silk gown, for which he himself applied; and it was owing to the good word of Lord Lyndhurst that he ever became lord chancellor. When Lord Palmerston became premier for the second time in 1859, he was in a difficulty as to deciding between two rival claimants for the woolsack, and through a member of his Cabinet, he applied to Lord Lyndhurst for advice. Lord Lyndhurst recommended that the office should be given to Campbell, and his advice was followed. "I owe this all to you," said the new chancellor to Lord Lyndhurst one day in the House of Lords, in the hearing of several peers. But *οὐ πείσχατες ἐν ἄλλῃ ἀρίστες κτῶμεθα τοὺς φίλους* is as true now as it was in the days of Pericles.

The principal charge that his enemies were never tired of reiterating against Lord Lyndhurst, and to which Lord Campbell has taken care to give due prominence on every possible opportunity, is the one which we have already mentioned. It amounts to this, that having professed

democratic opinions all the earlier part of his life, upon having been offered a seat in Parliament by Lord Liverpool, with all its contingent prospects and advantages, he suddenly cast his former principles to the winds, and became an uncompromising Tory. That he should merely have changed his opinions from sincere conviction would have been a venial matter enough, for there is hardly a statesman of any note in the present century that has not at some time or another done the same thing. Lord Beaconsfield began life with the repute of being a Liberal and something more, and ended as the leader of the Conservative party. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone, who at the outset of his career was hailed by Macaulay as "the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow Sir Robert Peel reluctantly and mutinously," is ending it as the leader of a Cabinet and a Parliament in which Radical influence and Radical principles largely predominate. Lord Palmerston, who as Tory secretary at war in Lord Liverpool's government, was returned with Copley for Cambridge University, died the prime minister of a Liberal Cabinet and the leader of the Liberal party. The late Lord Derby, who, in the heat of the Reform crisis, sprang on the table of Brookes's Club and proclaimed war to the knife to the Tories, lived to be three times a Conservative premier. Sir Francis Burdett, too, one of the most violent of Lord Lyndhurst's opponents at the same momentous period, who was returned for Westminster on the death of Mr. Fox, as a young and ardent Liberal, who had headed the poll for Westminster as a Liberal thirty years later on, two years afterwards occupied the same position in the same constituency as an enthusiastic Tory. Such are some few of the political changes that the whirligig of time has brought about. But to allow one's self to be lured into a sudden conversion from one side to the other by the bait of official advancement, is a charge of a more serious character, and one which, if substantiated, cannot fail to damage the reputation of a statesman. In the case of Lord Lyndhurst, the charge that he held revolutionary sentiments in early life, seems to us to rest entirely on hearsay evidence, the really reliable testimony being all on the other side. We have assertions by Lord Campbell, without a tittle of proof to support them, that in those days "he was a Whig and something more—he was a Jacobin." "He was devotedly attached to republican insti-

tutions, and is said to have contemplated without dismay the establishment of an Anglican Republic." Finally, we are told "that he had danced round the Tree of Liberty to the tune of '*Ca ira*,'"—a pretty cool assertion to make of a man who never set foot on French soil till 1814, when he was forty-two years old! We only wonder that, while he was about it, Lord Campbell did not add that he himself was an eyewitness of this revolutionary fandango, and that the performer of it wore the red cap of liberty on his head. Much of these vague reports may have emanated from the supposition that Copley's father, the famous artist, being an American by birth, must necessarily be a republican; and that Copley himself had travelled in America, where for a time he had Volney for his companion, and must therefore have imbibed republican notions. The truth, however, was, that Copley the father, though he disapproved of the treatment of the colonies by the mother country, was a stanch royalist; and that Copley the son not merely laughed at Volney and his doctrines, but, as we shall see, sided in America with the aristocratic party. From first to last, there is not an extract from any speech or letter, or even a word of any authenticated conversation of Copley's that can be adduced in support of the charge. On the contrary, they are all the other way. In the first place, we have the remarkable extract from his letter to his mother from Philadelphia in 1796: "I have become a fierce aristocrat. This is the country to cure your Jacobins. Send them over here, and they will become quite converted. The Opposition here are a set of villains." In the next place, we have passage after passage in his letters from England to his sister, Mrs. Greene, in America (now published for the first time), which breathe the same spirit of loyalty to the throne, and attachment to the institutions of his country, which distinguished his great speeches of later years. Take, for instance, the following remarks on the Volunteer movement in 1803:—

Never upon any occasion, was there a greater display of loyalty, zeal, and unanimity; and before the lapse of a twelvemonth you may expect to hear of events highly honorable to the British character. If we become a military nation, everything is to be expected from that energy, firmness, and constancy of temper which have ever distinguished the people of this country. (P. 97.)

We know too, from his own pen, the feel-

ings with which he entered on the legal profession. Thus he writes of that profession to his brother-in-law, Mr. Greene, whose timely loan of £1000 had enabled him to continue in it:—

Assisted by your friendship, I am now to launch my bark into a wider sea. I am not insensible of the dangers with which it abounds. But while to some it proves disastrous and fatal, to others it affords a passage to wealth, or *what is of more value than wealth*, to reputation and honors. (P. 101.)

Is the man who held these noble sentiments likely, but a few years afterwards, to have deliberately foregone his principles, and sold his services to his political opponents for the prospect of official emolument?

But lastly, we have Lord Lyndhurst's own solemn and oft-repeated declarations, whenever this charge was brought against him in either House of Parliament, as well as in conversation with his friends in after-years, that he had entered Parliament unfettered by any pledge or condition whatsoever, suggested or imposed. Nothing could be more distinct or emphatic than his repudiation of having been a Radical in early life, in the well-known scene which occurred at the close of the second reading of the Reform Bill in 1831. Equally emphatic were his unqualified contradictions in 1835, to the same charge, during the discussions on the Municipal Corporations Bill, coupled with the further insinuation by Lord Denman, that he had owed his early successes at the bar to the prevailing impression that he was a Liberal in politics. His answer to Lord Denman on this head is to our mind crushing:—

Lord Lyndhurst. I was never engaged but in one political defence. That was on the trial of Watson. On that occasion Sir Charles Wetherell (a Tory of the Tories) called on me as a common-law lawyer, and asked me if I would agree to join him in the conduct of that defence. After taking a short time to consider, I answered that I would. Now that is the real history of that transaction.

After a careful study of Sir Theodore's volume, and the fresh light which it throws on his early life, we are more than ever satisfied that his profession of Conservatism was the result of sincere conviction, and that as he was at the end of his life, so he was long before he entered the Parliamentary arena. At the same time, his Conservatism was of that class which our poet-laureate has so well described as—

Not clinging to some ancient saw;
 Not mastered by some modern term;
 Not swift nor slow to change, but firm;
 And in its season bring the law.

"Liberal but gradual reform," says Sir Theodore, "had his support always; but he dreaded revolutionary changes, and had no love for the theorists who urged them." On one point, however, his sympathies were certainly far more with the Liberals than the Conservatives. He was deeply imbued with the conviction and necessity of the most complete religious toleration, and was the advocate for the removal of Jewish disabilities long before the exclusion of Jews from Parliament ceased to be a cardinal item of a Conservative faith.

Want of space alone prevents us from giving a full *résumé* of Sir Theodore Martin's clear and well-arranged memoir, which from first to last is full of interest. It is almost needless for us to say that we most emphatically dissent from the views we have seen elsewhere expressed, that his volume adds nothing to the information the public possessed before on the mental and moral qualities of Lord Lyndhurst, or to the secret history of his important part in English Parliamentary politics. Still less can we endorse the statement, that while Sir Theodore has avenged the memory of Lord Lyndhurst on the memory of Lord Campbell, the majestic personality of the former is made to disappear in the smoke of the battle. On the contrary, not only, as it seems to us, is the victory of the avenger a very complete one, but as the smoke lifts from the battle-field, the majestic personality of him whose cause Sir Theodore has espoused is made to stand forth in all its grand proportions. Not merely has the early life of Lord Lyndhurst been placed before the public in its proper light, but his countrymen have now, for the first time, presented to them an opportunity of judging impartially of the merits of his career as a statesman and a lawyer. As regards his early life, it has been complained that there is an absence of anecdotes of his childhood; but to this it may fairly be answered, that anecdotes of childhood are rather difficult to obtain in the case of a man who was born one hundred and twelve years ago, who kept no diary and destroyed his correspondence, and who was sixty-five years old when he married the wife who still survives him. Sufficient light, however, is now let in upon his childhood to show that he was a youth of a bright and playful spirit, a pleasant temper, and a thoroughly kind

heart. We read of his fondness for both his parents, especially for his mother, who seems by Sir Theodore's description of her to have been indeed "a perfect woman, nobly planned." His letters from the University of Cambridge, where his career was crowned with the brilliant success of being second wrangler and Smith's prizeman, are unfortunately few in number, but they are all written in a most affectionate strain, and prove his earnest desire to justify the high opinion which his family circle had formed of his superior powers. Though the young Copley would appear to have made mathematics, chemistry, and physical science his chief studies, he evidently, at the same time, had a great love for classical literature, which remained with him through life. Proofs of this are to be found scattered broadcast through Sir Theodore Martin's volume, not merely in the apt classical quotations and illustrations with which his speeches abound, but in a criticism full of point which, but a few months before his death, he wrote and sent to Mr. Gladstone, on the latter's recently published translation of the first book of the *Iliad*. Of this criticism Mr. Gladstone thought so highly, that he wrote back asking permission to print it in a contemplated preface to his translation. Copley's letters from America — where he went as a travelling bachelor, after taking his degree at Cambridge — are now published for the first time. They will be found full of interest even at the present day, and prove him to have been a shrewd observer of men and things. So, too, will those which, after his return to England, he wrote to his married sister, Mrs. Greene, in America. We have already alluded to and quoted from these letters as proving how widely removed the writer of them must have been from any sympathy with Jacobin opinions; but the notices they also contain of contemporaneous events show how keenly he watched each incident of the great Napoleonic struggle in which England was then engaged, and what pride he felt in the successes of our arms. All these details of Copley's earlier years are now for the first time made known; and we may add, also, that the story of his life, from the time of his being called to the achievement of his first great success at the bar, has never before been so clearly and correctly told. Instead of a gay and fashionable young man about town, dining at coffee-houses, and thinking only of present enjoyment, we read of a hard-working and indefatigable student, toiling on

through long and weary years of waiting and disappointment, and at one time finding his prospects so gloomy that he seriously thought of abandoning the law and entering the Church. We read also how, when the chance of success came to him at last, it found him well prepared to avail himself of it, and how his care in getting up his cases, even to the minutest detail, was one of the principal causes of his subsequent advancement. Let any one who wishes to gauge the amount of care and trouble that Copley would bestow on a case intrusted to him, as well as his marvellous quickness in mastering technical details of the most complex character, read the account (p. 123) of the case of *Boville v. Moore* and others,—as to which, by the way, the learned and veracious Campbell is mute. It would hardly have suited his “defective image,” as it has been charitably called, of Copley’s character, to have told how this habitual neglecter of his clients’ cases actually travelled to Nottingham to master the working of the bobbin-net lace machine, which is said to surpass every other in the complex ingenuity of its machinery; how he subsequently returned to London, and on the day of the trial not merely gave a marvellously lucid exposition of the difference of the two machines which were the subject of the action, but worked the model in court with all the dexterity of an artisan expert in the manufacture. Surely such a man as this was not merely fortunate, but studied hard to deserve the success which he ultimately achieved.

Following his career, as we can now do by the light of Sir Theodore’s narrative, from his first entrance to the bar in 1804 to his elevation to the rolls in 1826, we can see that the secret of his rise was that he never threw away a chance. His upward progress was a practical illustration of the noble lines of *Lucretius* :—

*Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore,
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.*

With the midnight oil and laborious days of his novitiate he laid the foundation of his first great success, and step by step he climbed the ladder to that which he has told us he valued more than wealth, reputation and honor.

His greatest forensic effort, to our mind, was his speech when solicitor-general in replying on the whole case in the trial of Queen Caroline. In this battle of giants Copley may fairly be said to have borne himself without fear and without

reproach, and to have surpassed all his previous efforts. He rose to reply on the whole case on the forty-fourth day of the trial, before an assembly wearied with the length of the inquiry, and nigh sated with the length and excellence of preceding speeches, including Brougham’s celebrated defence. He spoke for two days with unabated clearness and vigor, passing from “grave to gay, from lively to severe,” and illustrating and enlivening his argument by happy classical parallels and quotations. We can well imagine, as we read Sir Theodore’s extracts, especially that in which Copley deals with Denman’s most infelicitous parallel of the queen to Nero’s wife Octavia, that his reply must have kept the attention of the assembled peers from first to last, and formed, as Sir Theodore says, a not unworthy close to the long series of remarkable speeches which had been delivered in the course of the inquiry.

Such was Copley as a barrister. On his career as a judge it will be unnecessary for us to dwell long. The reputation which he gained amongst his legal brethren, during his short tenure of the office of master of the rolls, of having every quality to make him a distinguished judge, he amply justified during the four years he was chief baron. He raised the reputation of the court to the highest point, and indeed entirely changed its character by the despatch given by him to the consideration of cases, and the respect inspired by his decisions. Even Lord Campbell cannot withhold from him his tribute of admiration. “I often went into Lyndhurst’s court,” he says, “and as often I admired his wonderful quickness of apprehension, his forcible and logical reasoning, his skilful commixture of sound law and common sense.” He adds, too, that he was a great favorite with the bar on account of his general courtesy. But Lord Campbell can never give praise without a proportionate admixture of blame. “He was, however,” he adds, “reckless as to the fate of suitors, and only whilst he was in court cared for or thought of the case of which he had to dispose.” But that very wonderful quickness of apprehension which extorted Lord Campbell’s admiration, would of itself be sufficient to account for the rapidity with which he despatched causes. As a rule, he could do on the spur of the moment what other judges required lengthened consideration and study to accomplish; but where time for careful preparation was required, no man less grudged it. As in

the celebrated case of *Small v. Attwood*, he would take a year, if necessary, to deliberate over his judgment, which would thenceforth remain one of the traditional glories of the judicial bench. His summings up, too, of cases to a jury, made without a single note, were marvels of brevity and lucidity; and Sir Theodore quotes a statement made by Lord Lyndhurst to Mr. Whitwell Elwin, that this power was the result of a resolution taken by him, long before he became a judge, to acquire the habit. This he did by the constant practice, whenever he was in court, of digesting the evidence in his own mind, as if it was his function at the close to state it in the clearest and compactest form to the jury.

As he was as chief baron, so he was as lord chancellor. He never delivered judgment in any important case, or spoke on any question of constitutional principle or legal reform, without producing the impression that he was so thoroughly master of the whole law on the subject, that it cost him no effort to state it with a clearness and a brevity unattained by any lawyer of his time. His impartiality, too, was universally recognized. Though party feeling was often at its highest during his tenures of the office of lord chancellor and chief baron, and he himself was often violently assailed, no man could ever say of him that he allowed the passions of the politician to influence the conclusions of the judge.

But great as the reputation of Lord Lyndhurst undoubtedly was as a lawyer and a judge, it is by the prominent part that he played in the domestic politics of the early half of this century that in our opinion his name will live amongst future generations. The fame of the statesman will survive when that of the legal luminary is perchance beginning to grow dim, though at present the lustre of both burns with equal brightness. And this is a special merit that we must accord to Sir Sir Theodore Martin's biography, that for the first time we have set before us a clearly written and consecutive narrative of the public portion of Lord Lyndhurst's political career. We may trace it step by step from the time of his election as member for Yarmouth in 1818, till the time when, leaning on a hand-rail, and rising with difficulty to his feet, he spoke his last speech in the House of Lords in 1861. He did not enter Parliament young, nor was it his lot to take the House of Commons by storm with the brilliant success of a maiden speech. He

entered the House with a high legal reputation, which he well sustained on the two occasions on which he addressed it during his first session; but he was at that time too actively employed in his profession, and too dependent on its emoluments, to hang on nightly in Parliament. Even after his appointment as solicitor-general in the following year, 1819, his speeches were few, the most important being that which he made on introducing one of the famous Six Acts, the Seditious Meetings Prevention Bill. Even this task devolved upon him accidentally, in consequence of the sudden illness of the attorney-general; but he was not the man, as we have already shown, to be taken unawares, and he considerably enhanced his Parliamentary reputation by the admirable clearness with which he explained the scope of the measure. His duties, in fact, as solicitor-general, were far more important outside than within the walls of Parliament; and this was the time that he was steadily adding to his forensic fame by his success in defending Mr. John Murray, the well known publisher of the *Quarterly Review*, in an action for libel brought by Colonel Macirone — by the prosecution of the Cato Street conspirators — and by his masterly speech in the trial of Queen Caroline. It was only after his appointment as master of the rolls in 1827 — of which Lord Eldon said that he went to school in the lower form (the rolls), to qualify him to remove into the higher, if he takes the chancellorship — that he first took part in a great debate of a strictly party character. This was on Sir Francis Burdett's motion in favor of Catholic Emancipation, when the celebrated "Toby Phillpott's" episode occurred, which led to contemporary misunderstanding between Copley and Canning. The breach, however, was very soon healed; and a week afterwards Canning, who, in the mean while, in consequence of Lord Liverpool's illness, had been called on by the king to form a ministry, offered the chancellorship to Copley, who took it with the title of Lord Lyndhurst.

Up to this time he had undoubtedly achieved a greater distinction as a speaker at the bar than in Parliament, though he was recognized as a ready and effective debater, and a master of lucid exposition. During the first two years of his chancellorship — though steadily establishing his judicial reputation, and possessing an influence in the Cabinet second only to that of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, whose government had suc-

ceeded to the short-lived administrations of Canning and Lord Goderich — he took but little part in the political debates of the House of Lords. But more stirring political times were now at hand. The hour was rapidly approaching when the settlement of the Catholic claims could no longer be delayed, and behind Catholic Emancipation Parliamentary Reform was rearing its head. Ireland was in a state verging on rebellion, and Peel had finally satisfied himself that concession to the Catholics could no longer be delayed with safety. From this moment until the termination of his third chancellorship in 1846, we regard Lord Lyndhurst as by far the most conspicuous figure in the House of Lords, if not in the entire political arena. He shared with the duke and Sir Robert Peel the obloquy that the Cabinet naturally incurred by their change of views on the Catholic question, and he met the storm fearlessly and frankly. His speech on the second reading of the Catholic Emancipation Bill raised him for the first time to that rank as a speaker in the House of Lords which he afterwards held with an ever-increasing fame.

To the long struggle for Catholic Emancipation succeeded the agitation for Parliamentary Reform, which the French Revolution of 1830 fanned into a burning question. We need not tell how the famous anti-reform speech of the Duke of Wellington accelerated the downfall of his ministry; how Lord Grey succeeded the duke as prime minister, and Brougham succeeded Lord Lyndhurst as chancellor. The latter accepted from Lord Grey the office of chief baron, with the express understanding that he was to be free and unfettered as to his course of political action. He made good use indeed of his freedom. With the crisis of the Reform Bill he rose to the full height of the occasion, and became, in fact, the most formidable opponent of the measure. On the fifth and last night of the debate on the second reading, after Brougham had closed the finest of his many great oratorical displays by literally supplicating the House "on his bended knees" not to reject the bill, Lord Lyndhurst rose and delivered a speech in every way worthy of the occasion, and marked throughout by a strain of impressive eloquence. Sir Theodore Martin quotes largely from it; and indeed the whole speech is worth a careful study, now that many of the changes which the speaker foretold as the result of the measure have been effected, and we are apparently on the eve of oth-

ers which the strongest opponent of the bill would then have hardly ventured to predict. Half a century has gone by since that momentous night, and the great majority of the country has apparently decided irrevocably against the line then taken by the Tory party. But it is impossible to refuse our tribute of admiration to the masterful eloquence of their foremost champion, to the indomitable courage with which he rallied his forces till the struggle became hopeless, and met with calm indifference the torrent of abuse and calumny that the reformers freely heaped on one whom they justly regarded as their stoutest-hearted and most dangerous foe.

To the crisis which ensued we will allude later on, as being one of two occasions in Lord Lyndhurst's career, when, if his own views had been acted upon, he might possibly have changed the current of our political history. For the next three years Lyndhurst, save occasionally taking a prominent part in debate on measures of legal reform, was mainly occupied with his judicial duties as chief baron. But in 1835 came the hurried return of Peel from Italy, the formation of his government, with Lord Lyndhurst a second time chancellor, the issue of the celebrated Tamworth Manifesto, and the dissolution of Parliament. Released from his judicial work by the speedy fall of Peel's first and short-lived government, Lyndhurst again became a conspicuous figure in Parliament. Disheartened by his defeat, and by his failure to amend the Municipal Corporations Bill in the Commons, Peel temporarily retired to Drayton Manor; and the amendment of this most important measure, which had come up to the Lords in a most objectionable and unworkable form, devolved entirely on Lord Lyndhurst. He performed his task with an honest desire to improve the bill; and the best proof that he did so is, that the Commons accepted nearly all his most important amendments. The charge of the bill was intrusted to Lord Brougham, between whom and his great rival many sharp passages occurred, as amendment after amendment was successfully carried. But its progress through committee was notable for the thrice repeated attack on Lord Lyndhurst for having been a renegade to the political principles of his earlier years, in which we have already noted the signal discomfiture of his three assailants.

The session of 1836 was marked by two of his most remarkable speeches. The

first was that in which he replied to the fierce invectives which O'Connell, Sheil, and others heaped upon him for having, as they asserted during the debate on the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill, spoken of the Irish as "aliens in blood, religion, and language." No such phrase is to be found in Hansard, and Lord Lyndhurst to his latest day denied that he ever used it. The plain truth seems to be, that a passage of his speech, quoted by Sir Theodore Martin, which dwelt on the original division of the people into English and Irish, and their subsequent further division into English and Protestant, Irish and Catholic, was unfairly condensed into an epigrammatic phrase for the purpose of making him obnoxious to the Liberal, and especially to the Irish Liberal party. Sir Theodore gives lengthened extracts from Lord Lyndhurst's eloquent and complete vindication of the language which he actually used. He was never happier in the whole course of his career than in the manner in which he dealt with his House of Commons assailants, especially in his scathing invective against O'Connell, and his comparison of the great liberator to Catiline. There is this remarkable feature also about the speech, that from first to last it is, if possible, even more applicable to the present feeling of Ireland towards England, when, in spite of sop after sop that has been thrown to the Irish Cerberus, its howl for separation and home rule is louder than ever. This first act of the "alien" drama had a still more sensational sequel in the following session, when the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill was again under discussion in the Commons, and an extraordinary scene took place. Mr. Lalor Sheil, pointing at Lord Lyndhurst as he sat under the gallery, and working himself up to fury, denounced him as the man who had dared to describe the Irish as aliens in blood, language, and religion. A universal howl of execration rose from the ministerial benches as all eyes turned in the direction of Sheil's finger. The more excitable members started to their feet, and for a moment it seemed as if they would precipitate themselves on the object of their fury, who sat calm and perfectly unmoved through the storm.

*Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.*

The interposition of the speaker soon restored order, and the tumult subsided.

Lord Lyndhurst, however, had an ample revenge upon the ministerial benches when the bill came up to the Lords. He denounced the government as existing solely by the support, both in England and Ireland, of open and avowed enemies of the Protestant establishment; and again declared, in a spirit of true prophecy, that concession after concession would lead to the one final demand for the repeal of the Union. The bill was thrown out on the second reading by a majority of eighty-six; and was only passed in 1840, after it had been materially modified in the direction that Lord Lyndhurst had indicated.

But the session of 1836 was also memorable for his delivery on the 18th of August of the first of those celebrated reviews of the session, which did so much to shake the Melbourne administration. The immediate effect of this speech, which is as remarkable for its resistless argumentative force as for the sparkling humor of its lighter passages, was immense, both upon Parliament and the country. Perhaps the best proof of its instant success in the Lords is to be found in its effect upon Lord Melbourne, the most genial and good-tempered of men. Pierced as he was through every joint in his harness, he rose to reply in a towering passion, and did his best to make up with bitter personality for want of argument. But from the Land's End to John O'Groat's the speech was read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested, to bear fruit in due season for the Conservative party.

On the 23d of August, 1839 he delivered another "review of the session," if possible more crushing and scathing than his former one; and Lord Melbourne, in attempting to answer, lost his temper still more thoroughly. But on this occasion his antagonist had a powerful ally in Lord Brougham, who, while professing no sympathy with Conservative opinions, played to perfection the part of "candid friend" to the government.

In 1841 the hour of triumph came. The Melbourne government, beaten by one on a vote of no confidence, moved by Sir Robert Peel himself, dissolved Parliament, when their supporters were scattered at the polling-booths like chaff before the wind. Immediately on the meeting of the new Parliament, a vote of no confidence was carried by a majority of ninety-one, in a house of six hundred and twenty-nine members; and Peel was called on to form a ministry. Thus, for the third and last time, and in the sixty-ninth

year of his age, Lord Lyndhurst occupied the woolsack.

This is a period over which we must pass rapidly. Hitherto we have spoken chiefly of the prominent position taken by Lord Lyndhurst as one of the foremost champions of his party, and we have endeavored to show how eminently his sage counsel, his unflinching courage, and unrivalled debating powers, contributed to the rally of the Conservatives after the rout of 1832, and led up to their triumphant reinstallation in office in 1841. But any estimate of his Parliamentary career would be imperfect indeed that did not take into consideration the conspicuous services he rendered to the cause of legal reform, to which in his last chancellorship, and indeed to within a few years of his death, he most energetically devoted himself. But he had been identified with it from the first moment of his entering the House of Lords, and it was owing almost entirely to his incessant watchfulness and clear grasp of details that several of the most prominent but crudely devised measures of his great but restless and impulsive rival Brougham were either rejected or amended into working order. During his last chancellorship, however, Brougham and he were generally found upon the same side, bringing their combined powers to bear upon their future biographer Lord Campbell, who, as a rule, suffered considerably in every encounter.

Lyndhurst remained a member of Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet till the free-trade question spread disunion in the ranks of the Conservative party, and the coalition of Liberals and Protectionists to resist the Coercion Bill in 1846 drove the premier from office. He stood by Peel when the latter was forced, sorely against his will, to be the instrument for repealing the Corn Laws, and remained staunch to his leader amidst the alienation of old friends and disruption of party ties, that were the inevitable consequence of so decisive a change of policy. But advancing years and rapidly failing eyesight were beginning to tell upon him; and when the memorable debate and division, so graphically described in Disraeli's life of Lord George Bentinck, tolled the knell of Peel's administration, no one more gladly hailed the prospect of repose than his lord chancellor.

We have already spoken of two occasions in Lyndhurst's career, when, if his own views had been acted on, he might possibly have changed the current of our political history. The first was in the

crisis that ensued after he had defeated in committee the Reform Bill of 1832, when he was sent for by the king. The Duke of Wellington and he endeavored to form a ministry, but were ultimately obliged to abandon their attempt, in consequence of the refusal of Peel to share the responsibility. Lord Brougham always thought, as he himself has told us, in a passage quoted by Sir Theodore from his memoirs, that a great opportunity was lost by Peel's refusal; and others have expressed the same opinion. There is no doubt much force in the arguments used by Lord Brougham in the passage in question; but looking at the tremendous responsibility involved, we cannot wonder that Peel shrank from the venture.

It seems almost certain to us, that before a Conservative government could have matured and brought in a Reform Bill that would have commanded the support of their party, the country would have broken out into open revolution. In point of fact, it was on the verge of revolution at that very moment. When noblemen of high rank seriously contemplate non-payment of taxes, and £1,800,000 of gold is withdrawn from the Bank of England in three days, the breaking of the storm is nigh at hand. But supposing they had so far been allowed fair play, our recollections of 1867 are yet too fresh to enable us to believe that any Reform Bill brought in by a Conservative minority would have been accepted by an overwhelming Liberal majority without the introduction of radical alterations. Its rejection by the Lords would then have involved a fresh and more serious crisis; its acceptance, on the other hand, would have weakened still further the Conservative strength, and given us a House of Commons of a far more democratic character than the one which was actually elected. We cannot, then, wholly regret that Lord Lyndhurst's attempt failed, and that he and the duke preferred for the nonce to bend to the storm like the reed, rather than face its full violence, to shiver like the oak, as in all probability would have been their fate.

The second occasion to which we allude, was when, after the fall of Sir Robert Peel's government in 1846, Lord Lyndhurst made an effort to reunite the Protectionists and the Peelites, — the details of which attempt, so far as they are known, are fully given by Sir Theodore Martin. In this case we think it much to be regretted that the attempt, which was made in a perfectly legitimate and open

manner, should have proved a failure. Had it succeeded, the ablest and most brilliant of the originally victorious and compact Conservative phalanx of 1841 would never have been forced, as they ultimately were, into permanent secession to the Liberal camp. The Conservative party would not have been condemned to an eighteen years' banishment to the cold shade of opposition, varied only by three brief intervals of office in a minority. During two of these they were allowed to occupy the treasury bench on sufferance till their opponents had made up their differences; and in the third they followed their leader in his "leap in the dark," and found themselves landed in household suffrage. But the wounds of the Protectionists were still fresh and bleeding; and the indignation of their leader, Lord George Bentinck, was still at fever-heat with the "janizaries and renegades," to use his own term, who had aided and abetted Peel in inflicting them. The opportunity was lost; and it needed all the subsequent strategy of Mr. Disraeli, aided by the unparalleled blundering of the Gladstone government from 1868 to 1874, to bring the Conservatives once more to power upon the shoulders of a triumphant majority.

The secret history of these two periods will never, perhaps, be fully revealed; but Sir Theodore's narrative throws considerable light on the relations of Lyndhurst with his colleagues, and the estimation in which he was invariably held by them. Nothing appears to be further from the truth than Lord Campbell's oft-repeated assertions that he was disliked and mistrusted, and rarely, if ever, consulted on any great occasion. With Canning he was on intimate terms almost from the first moment of their acquaintance, and the same may be said of his relations with the Duke of Wellington. What the duke thought of him as a political coadjutor may be gathered from his language in speaking of him (June, 1831) to Mr. Charles Greville, as "the best colleague any man ever had,"—adding, "that he should be very sorry to go into any Cabinet of which he was not a member." Nor is there any evidence whatever to bear out Lord Campbell's unsupported assertion that Sir Robert Peel reposed no confidence in Lyndhurst's sincerity; and that, though Lyndhurst and Peel sat together in the Cabinet so long, and never had an open difference, they always entertained a considerable personal dislike of each other, which they took very little pains to conceal. That there was not the same

intimacy between the two that existed in the case of Canning and the duke, is quite possible, for Sir Robert Peel was not one "who wore his heart upon his sleeve." It is quite possible, too, that for some time after Peel's resignation in 1835, there was a time when, in consequence of his retirement to Drayton Manor and apparent chagrin at the short life of his ministry, many of the Conservative party may have looked to Lyndhurst rather than to him as their future leader. But there is no evidence whatever to show that anything like a rupture or even an estrangement took place at any time between the two; and what Sir Robert Peel thought of Lyndhurst as a colleague may be gathered from the following extract from a letter written by him in 1848, to Mr. F. R. Bonham, M.P., a few days after Lord Lyndhurst had visited him at Drayton:—

I was delighted to see Lyndhurst in such good health and spirits,—delighted to see him in that happier hour
Of social converse, ill exchanged for power.

I have had some colleagues with whom I have lived, while in office, on terms of greater personal intimacy, but none whose society was more agreeable, or on whom I could more confidently rely when real difficulties were to be encountered. (P. 239.)

One of Lord Campbell's statements in substantiation of his view of the relations between Peel and Lyndhurst, that the former wrote his "Tamworth Manifesto" without consulting him, is more than usually reckless. The Tamworth letter, it now plainly appears, was actually discussed and drawn up at a Cabinet dinner at Lord Lyndhurst's house!

Take again the testimony of Mr. Gladstone, who was a member of Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet of 1841, as given in a letter written to Lady Lyndhurst in August last:—

I have often compared Lord Lyndhurst in my own mind with other men who, since his time, have been my colleagues in the Cabinet, much to the disadvantage, in certain respects, of some of them. Once I remember, in the Peel Cabinet, the conversation happened to touch some man (there are such) who was too fond of making difficulties. Peel said to your husband, "That is not your way, Lyndhurst." Of all the intellects I have ever known, his, I think, worked with the least friction.

He left office in 1846, with the determination never to return to it; and to that determination though tempted by Lord Derby in 1852 with the offer of the privy seal or presidentship of the Council, combined with an earldom, he rigidly adhered.

For the next two years he spent much of his time at Turville Park, looking after his farm, and cultivating his garden, and laying out money in improving the roads of the parish, the people of which still warmly cherish his memory. Through the greater part of 1849, however, the blindness which had for some time been growing upon him increased so much that he could neither read nor write; and it was not till a year later that he was successfully operated on for cataract. Yet during this time he made one of his finest speeches in the House of Lords, that on the Canada Rebellion Losses Bill, concluding with an earnest and mournful expression of a conviction, forced upon him by his age and loss of eyesight, that perhaps he addressed his brother peers for the last time.

Little could he have dreamed at that moment that his last speech in that House was not to be delivered till twelve years later, when he was within a few days of his ninetieth birthday. Little could he have dreamed, too, of the grand and stately spectacle he himself was destined to present to his country during that period — how he was to be at once the "old man eloquent" of the House of Lords, and the Nestor both in speech and counsel of the Conservative party. If his weight of years had dimmed his eyesight and enfeebled his frame, he was spared from that which the great Roman satirist tells us is the worst affliction that old age can bring, the decay of intellectual power and the loss of memory. He was possessed in an eminent degree of

that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.

And high as his fame as an orator was before, it was destined before his death to shine with a yet brighter lustre. Fain would we linger long over his closing years, and dwell upon his marvellous oratorical achievements; but we have now reached a period in which many of those who had then won their spurs in the Parliamentary arena are still actively engaged in political life. There are many such who can remember how, at the rumor that Lyndhurst was going to speak, every available space in the House of Lords, from floor to gallery, was thronged with an anxiously expectant audience. They can remember not merely the eloquence, but the wise and generous patriotism, that marked his celebrated speeches on our national defences and the naval reserve. Nor are they likely to have forgotten the

knowledge of constitutional law and the force and clearness of statement which were conspicuous in the speech for the rejection of the bill for abolishing the paper duty, which he delivered on his eighty-ninth birthday. A year later, and with his mighty intellect unimpaired, and his power of sarcasm unblunted, he spoke for the last time, and his voice was heard no more in the assembly where he had so often

Drawn audience and attention still as night
On summer's noontide air.

We can say truly that eloquence like his has never been heard there since, and its exact counterpart may possibly never be heard there again. His speaking, from its somewhat severe simplicity of style, was less successful in the Commons than it was in the House of Lords; but in that assembly his voice exercised an influence which has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. His oratory was lucid, high-reaching, and sustained, and it was combined with a marvellous voice and a faultless accuracy of expression. No man of his time had a greater power of condensing into the fewest words the largest amount of fact and argument; and in the art of clearly and logically stating a case, whether at the bar or in Parliament, he stood without a rival. We may add that, though he elaborately thought over his subject, he scarcely ever even mentally prepared a phrase, much less wrote out a sentence. In this he was in direct contrast to his great rival Brougham, who elaborately prepared and committed to memory all the great passages in his speeches, weaving them into the extempore portions with such wonderful dexterity, as Lyndhurst himself admitted, that the seams were never apparent. On the other hand, the strongest testimony to the merits of Lyndhurst's speaking is that offered by Brougham himself, who, writing in 1861 of their many encounters on the Municipal Corporations Bill, says: —

He was a most effective adversary in the Lords. His legal learning and reputation; his former official experience and character; his admirable power of clear, condensed statement, far exceeding that of any man I ever knew; his firm courage, his handsome presence, his musical voice, his power of labor when he chose, though generally hating work, — made him a most formidable antagonist.

Formidable antagonists as they both were, each, even in the fiercest moments of party warfare, respected the other as a foeman worthy of his steel. "In all our

conflicts, political and professional," said Brougham in 1835, "nothing has for a moment interfered with that friendship which unites us personally." Later on they were not merely personal friends, but fellow-workers together in the field of legal reform, where, individually and conjointly, they exercised an influence in shaping the statute-book, such as no two men have in all probability ever before possessed. Their friendship and close companionship remained unbroken to the last; and the touching words which Brougham wrote to Lady Lyndhurst after his friend's death, "It is a daily blank to me," show how deeply he felt his loss. What he thought of his wonderful powers in later life may be gathered from the following passage from the letter written by Mr. Gladstone to Lady Lyndhurst, from which we have already quoted:—

It was at the time either of the life peerage given to Lord Wensleydale, or of the Conspiracy Bill, I cannot say which, I called on Lord Lyndhurst, wishing to get legal light upon the question. Either Brougham was there, or he came in soon. Lord Lyndhurst expounded the matter in the most luminous way from his point of view. Brougham went into raptures, and used these words, "I tell you what, Lyndhurst, I wish I could make an exchange with you. I would give you some of my walking power, and you should give me some of your brains." I have often told the story, with this brief commentary, that the compliment was the highest I have ever known to be paid by one human being to another.

Another testimony that we cannot refrain from quoting is that of Mr. Disraeli, who spoke of Lord Lyndhurst as one of the two best friends he ever had, and wrote thus of him in the general preface to the edition of his works which appeared in 1870: "The world has recognized the political courage, the versatile ability, and the masculine eloquence of Lord Lyndhurst; but his intimates only were acquainted with the tenderness of his disposition, the sweetness of his temper, and the playfulness of his bright and airy spirit." We may add, that the regard and affection the younger statesman felt for the elder was fully reciprocated. Lord Lyndhurst had the highest opinion of Mr. Disraeli's originality and independence, and prophesied his future greatness at a time when many who afterwards worshipped him as the incarnation of political wisdom, were wont to regard him as an eccentric political charlatan.

Though the greater portion of Sir Theodore Martin's book is naturally taken up

with Lord Lyndhurst's public career, his narrative is interspersed with many little details that throw fresh light upon his private life. They show how truly he possessed those good qualities of heart which Mr. Disraeli has attributed to him. They show that he was not merely a good and dutiful son to his parents, but a fond husband to his wife, and a loving father to his children. They show him not merely in his house in George Street, surrounded and courted by all who had genuine claims to distinction in London society, but in his country place at Turville, keen as the veriest country squire for the improvement of his little farm, and the cultivation of his garden. They show with what calmness and patience he bore one of the greatest deprivations with which man can be visited—the loss of eyesight. Let any one who wishes for a charming sketch of what Lord Lyndhurst was in private life in his later years, read the letter (p. 508) written to Sir Edmund Beckett by Miss Stewart, a lady who lived as governess and companion to Lord Lyndhurst's daughters for many years. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and we can well understand how tears rose to the writer's eyes as she witnessed the following scene, which happened while his blindness was coming fast upon him.

One morning I went into his room with some message or request, and was witness to a little scene that I shall never forget. He was in his easy-chair, with a grave, almost a solemn expression on his face, so intent on his employment that my presence was unnoticed. Before him, the Church Prayer-Book held open by both her small hands, stood his youngest daughter, of seven or eight years of age, hearing him repeat the prayers, and now and then prompting and correcting him. The old man, the judge and statesman, and the little child so occupied, made a picture that could not be seen without bringing tears to the eyes. He liked no one to hear him his lesson, he said, but his little girl.

The whole of the last chapter of Sir Theodore's book, from which this passage is taken, will, we are sure, be read with much interest, for many of its details are new to his readers. There are extracts from letters written by Lord Lyndhurst at this time to his nephew, Mr. Amory, in America, showing how keenly he watched the terrible civil conflict in which the country of his birth was then engaged. There are his literary criticisms on various authors, from Homer to "Tom Brown's School Days;" and there is a striking

testimony to his ready grasp of scientific problems, from so competent an authority as Sir James Nasmyth. And there are touching letters of condolence and tributes to his memory, addressed to Lady Lyndhurst after his death, by the queen, by Lord Derby, Lord Granville, and others to whom he was both a wise counsellor and a valued friend. His study in his latter days was the resort of leading men of both parties, who eagerly sought and duly appreciated his advice on critical public questions, knowing that it would be entirely free from party bias. We have spoken of him already as the Nestor of the Conservatives, and he resembled the Pylarian sage not merely in that he was

The smooth-tongued chief, from whose persuasive lips
Sweeter than honey flowed the stream of speech;

but like him he had outlived two generations of men —

And o'er the third he now held royal sway.

He had visited Washington at Mount Vernon; he had attended lectures on art under Reynolds; he had listened to the eloquence of the giants of the past — of Pitt and Fox, of Burke and Sheridan. Like Nestor, too, well might he say: —

Such men I never saw, and ne'er shall see,
As Peirithous and Dryas, wise and brave,
Ceneus, Exadius, godlike Polypheme,
And Theseus, Ægeus' more than mortal son,
The mightiest they among the sons of men.

He lived for rather more than two years after his last speech in the House of Lords, and died peacefully and calmly, with his family gathered round his bedside in his home in George Street, on the 12th of October, 1863, in the ninety-second year of his age.

Like the *Agricola* of one of his favorite Latin authors, he was "*felix non claritate tantum vitæ, verum etiam opportunitate mortis.*" He died at a time of perhaps the most complete political calm in England that has been known in the present century. Public attention was concentrated on the civil war in America, and not the faintest echo of party strife had been heard during the session, which was one of the shortest and most uneventful in the annals of Parliament. Only a few days, too, before his death, Lord Russell, speaking at Blairgowrie,

had remarked that we had reached a period in our legislative progress when the country was inclined rather to "rest and be thankful" than to make new roads. Such a period was surely not out of keeping with the closing scene of one for whom the heavy burden and fierce heat of public life was long passed and gone, and the gradual setting of whose sun had been so peaceful and withal so brilliant. His work on earth was done — he could rest and be thankful.

In taking leave of Sir Theodore Martin's work, we must once more offer him our congratulations upon the success he has achieved, which has added fresh laurels to those he has already won in the path of biography. He has had, as he acknowledges, a difficult and painful task to perform, and in our judgment he has performed it thoroughly and conscientiously. He has been asked, since the publication of his book, whether he thinks it bestows either dignity or credibility on a biographer to be employed by others to blacken the character of a distinguished man previously unknown to him. To us the right answer to such a question seems clear enough, that his employment has been the reverse of this. His employment has been to clear the character of one distinguished man from the cloud of calumny and misstatement with which another had blackened it; and if, as the blackness lifted from the fair fame of the one it has gradually settled round that of the other, we think it pretty obvious that the breath of public opinion has blown it in the right direction. That the calumnies of Lord Campbell will now remain forever buried in Cimmerian darkness, we will not undertake to say. As Lord Lyndhurst himself remarked in reference to such attacks: "The sting of the wasp may fester after the venomous insect has left his life and sting in the wound: although refuted, these attacks are not harmless; they have a public effect, sometimes a lasting effect. Persons remember the attack — they do not always remember the defence." But from henceforth the bane will not be without its antidote, and the last volume of the "*Lives of the Chancellors*" will not stand alone on the libraries of the future as the biography of one who has been truly called "a great, free, and clear spirit," who was at once one of the ablest of English lawyers, and one of the most renowned of English statesmen.

From The Gentleman's Annual.
VALERIE'S FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE
WOOING O'T," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

BUT Miss Riddell was not destined to "bell the cat" on this occasion. Valerie, who was a little behind time, next day met her issuing from the door as she reached it. "I am obliged to change my plans, Valerie," she said. "My poor friend is very suffering and anxious to press on to Mentone. So I have promised to spend the day with her and see her off by the night mail. I wish you would tell Sybil from me that I am excessively vexed with her. I had not time to scold enough, and she is only just up; she will tell you all about it." With a friendly nod Miss Riddell walked briskly away.

"Much effect the scolding will have," thought Valerie, as she looked after her and then entered the house.

It was the morning on which Valerie (for her sins) gave a lesson in composition and literature to the three young ladies at present grinding at the Pension Rosambert. The task was uncongenial, for the tastes of her pupils were by no means conducive to progress, and the slight difference of age between herself and those she taught somewhat weakened her authority. Moreover, though all three, especially Sybil Owen, could talk French fast enough, the writing of it was another matter.

Not a little cast down in consequence of Miss Riddell's change of plans, she was greatly disturbed by the fear of not being discreet in her conduct towards the brown stranger, and yet anxious not to seem ferocious in her rejection of his advances. "If he could but be made to understand!" she said in her heart as she crossed the threshold and found herself face to face with Madame Rosambert, whose very white curls wore an air of severity.

"You are late, mademoiselle," she said. "The English meeses await you in the *cabinet d'étude*. Had I not the most amiable indulgence for you, in consideration of your English training, I would ask what circumstance interfered with your punctuality—what interruption you met *en route*. Young girls must be discreet and careful—extremely careful—do you hear, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, certainly, madame. My uncle was a little late in waking to take his

chocolate, which delayed me," returned Valerie, smiling, but painfully conscious of a guilty blush. Why should madame be so suspicious?

She begged that Miss Owen might be called, and entered a dingy den at the back of the house. Greeting Miss Green of Manchester, and Miss Smith of Birmingham, who were seated behind a formidable array of cahiers and books, she set to work at once on a *dictée*. This had been scrambled through and the *littérature* lesson advanced a stage, when Miss Owen made her appearance in a rose-colored *robe de chambre*, much trimmed with quilted satin and Bréton lace. Valerie had just put the question, "Qu'est-ce que l'ironie?" and Miss Smith was stumbling over the answer, "Une figure par laquelle on peut entendre le contraire de ce qu'on dit."

"I am sure that is a favorite figure of speech here," cried Sybil, coming to her place. "The heap of lies that every one tells is extraordinary."

"Pray take your seat, mademoiselle," said Valerie in French, with severity. "I shall be happy to hear your opinions after *déjeuner*; at present attend to what remains of the lesson of which you have lost so much."

"You dear old thing, don't put on these governess airs to me! I can tell you I am in no mood for lessons or anything solemn, and if you say another word I will dance a jig on the table and scatter your copy-books to the four corners of this noble chamber." Miss Green and Miss Smith looked aghast. "I am just full of the most delightful ideas—get along, will you, with the lessons? Here, I will do what I can, and after *déjeuner* I will tell you my plans. Mind what you are about," with sudden sharpness to her fellow-students. "I am not going to tell you. You go in for work. I don't. If I did, I *would* work."

"You are very polite, I am sure," said Miss Smith, a stout, stolid girl, who breathed audibly, but was otherwise inoffensive.

"These are Canadian manners," sneered Miss Green, who was tall, thin, and huffy.

"Whatever they are you must put up with them. I am not ill-natured, and I am going to give you both a treat if you behave yourselves. They say we are to have a great frost, and you shall come and see me skate."

After this outburst, the lesson went on but lamely, and all parties were relieved

when the bell rang for *déjeuner*. That meal over, there was an hour's rest. Sybil swept her much-enduring instructress up to her room, which adjoined that of her aunt. "I am just dying to have my say out," cried the irrepressible Canadian.

"Well, before you begin, hear me," said Valerie. "I am commissioned by Miss Riddell to give you a scolding. I do not exactly know why, but she is extremely vexed with you."

"Oh, I know well enough. I have not done one bit of harm. I will tell you all about everything. I had a most delightful day with the Hartwells. The drive to Sèvres was nice enough. I was soon sick of looking at the cups and saucers and the vases and things in the museum. Then we had a turn in the Bois, and went to dinner. I nearly laughed myself sick talking over our old jokes at Fräulein Baumgarten's school in Dresden. But in the evening, about twenty people came in. We had music, and then pushed away the tables and chairs to dance. Captain Grey was there, and who do you think came with him? Why, my old friend Eric Floyd. He has just come from London, where he has been staying with the Riddells. He was so glad to see me, and says I am just as pretty as ever. He did not say it out like that, but I knew what he meant. He is handsome in a way—not elegant and *soigné* like Captain Grey, but there is something about him—Oh, you would have been amused to see how Captain Grey tried to cut him out! But I stuck to Eric. We had such lots to talk about. I could have cried to think how far I was from the beautiful lakes and mountains, and the snow and the skating and sleighing of my home. Well, I danced and flirted to my heart's content. I did not mind any of the other men much, they were rather poor creatures; and at last, when I saw Eric yawning in a corner and stealing a look at his watch, I said to Miss Hartwell, 'I must go home,' though it was not at all late; so she said she would send her maid with me, and that the man should fetch a *fiacre*. Well, I put on my hat and my big woollen shawl—I don't look bad in that red hat!—and at the bottom of the stairs I found Eric and Captain Grey lighting their cigars. Eric said, 'Where do you put up? I ought to have called on your aunt, who is with you, but I lost her address.' I told him, and then Captain Grey said imploringly, 'May I not come too, Miss Owen?' So I invited them both on the spot to afternoon tea on Saturday (to-morrow).

Lord have mercy upon me, what will Aunt Hetty say! Stop," for Valerie made an attempt to speak. "Do let me finish. They accepted, indeed, I may say jumped at, the invitation, and then Captain Grey said, looking up at the stars, 'It is a downright sin to shut yourself up in a stuffy *fiacre* such a lovely night. Suppose Floyd and I walk home with you after our old Canadian fashion.' 'By all means,' said I; so he dismissed the *fiacre*, and then to my disgust Eric says, 'Two are company, three are none; I'll make my adieux.' I was horribly vexed, and cried, 'Oh, we can be a *partie carrée*. You can walk behind with Louise; she looks very nice.' He just laughed and walked off. It was so careless and unfriendly of him. However, it seems he had an engagement somewhere. At all events, I had a very nice walk with Captain Grey all up the Champs Elysées and down the Avenue de la Grande Armée. I do not think Louise liked it, but Captain Grey made me say he would give her a drive back (he cannot speak French a bit), for he said the stars would not look quite the same when I was not there. Stupid fellow! Wasn't it nonsense? Now, I should like to know what was the harm of all that. Yet, when Aunt Hetty came into my room this morning, and I told her right out, she threw herself into such a fury and said I was culpably careless of appearances, and too great a flirt, and that I must have disgusted Eric Floyd. Then she fell on him and said he was a good-for-nothing, conceited jackanapes, and ought to have called on her long ago, that he had no business to let me walk back alone with an unprincipled ne'er-do-weel like Captain Grey, and a lot more. I just told her that Eric and Captain Grey were the dearest friends, they were perpetually out bearing and goodness knows what together. I dare say one is as good as the other; at any rate, she was in a hurry to go out, and as we both talked together I had no chance to tell her I had asked both to tea to-morrow. I had better arrange everything with madame before she comes back. Aunt Hetty will not like to say I have done it all without her knowledge. Now, isn't that a history?"

"It is indeed, Sybil. Miss Riddell will be awfully cross when she knows how you have used her name."

"Well, she generally is, so it does not much matter. She cannot bear me. I know I just set her teeth on edge like a discordant note. She is in a fidget from the time I come into the room until I go

out again, when I am certain that in her heart she says 'Thank God!' Yet I am not a bad sort of girl — eh, Val?"

"I am sure you are not; at any rate, you are a 'sort of girl' I can be very fond of."

"Can you?" cried Sybil, giving her a sudden, impetuous hug; "then you are the only staid, proper person that ever did care for me, and if any one ever could make me prim it would be yourself. But what is there wrong in being natural, and what is the good of being stuck up? Anyhow, I can't be. I like to amuse myself, and now is my time. In ten years I shall be a stiff, cross old cat like Aunt Hetty herself, and no one will care to flirt with me."

"Miss Riddell is the wisest, kindest —" interrupted Valerie.

"Yes, to you," broke in Sybil in her turn. "But remember, Val, I was your first friend. How fond I was of you before Aunt Hetty came! and you must stand by me. I shall never forget how you nursed me when I had that horrid cold and sore throat."

"Nor I, all your kind help and comforting, last winter, when I was still so sad and broken-hearted after my dear, dear mother's death."

"The fact is we are a brace of angels slightly disguised," cried Miss Owen.

"Now listen to me; by the dint of good luck Polly Green (I am certain they call her Polly at home) is going to the dentist's to-morrow with madame; then there is some sort of preaching or service at the church in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and Mrs. Meyrick has invited Julia Smith to go with her for a treat. You will be quite free, and I do hope and trust you will come in to tea — in short, you must; put on a lace tie and a pair of cuffs and you will look nice enough for anything. I want you to see Eric Floyd and Captain Grey. I shall enjoy talking about them to you ever so much more when you know them. I want your opinion. I like them both, but Eric is — well, you will judge for yourself."

"Sybil, dear, don't you think and talk too much about this gentleman? You must be perfectly exhausted. You have scarcely drawn breath for the last ten minutes."

"Exhausted! Not a bit of it. You don't know all I can talk. Then it is delightful to meet some men friends after being shut up with a parcel of old women and girls. Val!" solemnly, "is there any

amusement on earth so delicious as flirting — with a nice cavalier, I mean?"

"I dare say there is not, but I have had no experience," replied Valerie laughing.

"Have you never, never had even a little bit of flirtation? What a dreary existence!" cried Sybil gravely. "You come in to-morrow and try your hand. Yet I am not sure I should like to give up either of them — Eric or George Grey, I mean. If you do go in for a little *coquetterie* let it be with Captain —"

The rest of her sentence was lost, for Madame Rosambert suddenly appeared.

"Passing your door, *mes chères enfants*," she said, "I did not hear the sound of the piano. I fear Mademoiselle Valerie does not enforce that amount of serious study —"

"Oh, Madame Rosambert," interrupted Sybil, drawing the sedate head of the establishment, with no little force, into the room, "I will practise directly, but I just have a word or two to say to you. Did my aunt tell you she expected two gentlemen, old Canadian friends, to call here to-morrow, and would like to give them a cup of tea?"

"No, your *bonne tante* did not mention her wishes."

"Oh! she went out in such a hurry, you see," cried the audacious Sybil. "But I am sure you will let us have cups and saucers, and milk, and things, about four in the salon. Valerie and I will make the tea if Marie will let us go into the kitchen, and I will go out with Valerie presently and buy cakes, and biscuit, and tea. Oh, madame, where can we get good tea — really good tea?"

"Ma foi! Maemoiselle, I imagine chez Chauvot —"

"It is abominable stuff. I have tried it. No, we must go to Potin's. But I will see to all that; and you won't mind opening the *volets* for once, dear madame? I know my aunt specially wishes these *volets* to be opened."

Miss Riddell was in deep, but by no means speechless, indignation when Valerie saw her next day, and that was not till after *déjeuner*, for she had to escort Miss Green to a drawing-class in the morning.

"I do not know what tempted me to undertake any share in guardianship of such a girl!" she exclaimed when Valerie came to her room by her own request. "I believe she has deliberately asked that Captain Grey to annoy me. I should not mind her inviting Eric Floyd, for I agree with his father that it would be well if she

were settled under a husband's care. This Eric is the man I told you about. But that flighty spendthrift young rifleman—I do not want him. He will spoil all the schemes my brother and Mr. Floyd have pieced together for her benefit. I never was so provoked by any one as by Sybil Owen, and she knows it."

"Believe me, it is her overwhelming sense of fun and the honesty of her nature that makes her so wild. Do have faith in her yet awhile."

"Faith, indeed!" cried Miss Riddell. "I wish, my dear, you would join us at tea. You would be a help to me, and see how that hare-brained girl behaves herself. I will walk with you to the Place de l'Etoile after. By the way, how did you get on last evening?"

"Very well indeed. I saw no sign of my friend, or rather my persecutor."

"So far so well. To-day we will see —"

"Come along, Val," cried Sybil, rushing in with her usual *empressment*. "Come and put your hair straight. I will tie your cravat for you. Aunt Hetty, I wish you had a less doleful cap. Do let me put a bunch of poppies I have into it. They would suit you *so* well—wouldn't they, Val?"

"Have the goodness to let my toilette alone," said Miss Riddell sternly, and, taking up her crewl work, she descended to occupy the *salon*.

"I think my dress is pretty," said Sybil, surveying herself in a cheval glass. "A jersey rather suits me." She wore a dark blue jersey, with a prettily draped serge skirt and a silver collar locket and bangles, a ribbon of a lighter shade tied among her abundant curly fringe.

"I will not flatter you, Sybil, I will not even agree," returned Valerie, laughing. "Pray am I not looking well dressed and altogether charming?"

"I am not sure that you don't," said Sybil gravely. "That green cloth becomes you, and that is a lovely bit of lace you have, wisped round your neck. I have nothing like it. Have a piece of old-gold satin ribbon to tie up your bonnie brown hair?"

"No, dear; it is not worth while to go up-stairs again."

"There is the bell," cried Sybil.

"Go and find your aunt," said Valerie. "I will see that the water is boiling and the tea made."

A few minutes later Valerie glided quietly into the sacred *salon*, with its buhl cabinets, inlaid tables, fur rugs, and

velvet sofas—that shrine of elegance seldom desecrated by the foot of man or woman either. She was followed by Madeleine, who carried the teapot; and, directing her where to place it, Valerie, feeling a little shy, raised her eyes to take a look at the gentleman of whom she had heard so much.

In one of the windows, talking and laughing with Sybil, stood an upright, soldierly-looking man of about thirty, above middle height, fair-haired, with a tawny moustache and a cool "man-of-the-world aspect," as though he knew his own value and that of his fellow-creatures; while standing on the hearthrug and bending to speak with Miss Riddell, who was smiling with an air of some embarrassment, was a tall, a very tall gentleman, in well-made but loosely fitting clothes, abundant red-brown hair, beard, and moustaches, and a pair of fine eyes—large dark eyes that lit up with a pleasant smile as they met those of Valerie. She turned dizzy with wild surprise and a mixture of varied feelings as she instantly recognized the dreaded man of the Madeleine!

The mutual recognition, however, was a silent one, and Valerie's entrance attracting Sybil's attention, she turned quickly to introduce her visitors.

"My old friend or enemy (which is it, Eric?), Mr. Floyd, Valerie. And Captain Grey, Miss Trevor. I never do anything *selon les règles*, and I had almost forgotten your surname. Miss Trevor is the only bit of comfort I have had in this detestable pension, and I flatter myself I have kept her alive, if it was only by the series of electric shocks she has sustained at my hands."

"That I can quite believe," said Eric Floyd, in his deep, tranquil voice. "How long have you been here, Sybil?"

"A whole year. Fancy my being put here at eighteen to learn lessons and improve myself! It is too cruel! I tell you if I am left much longer I shall run away."

"Yes, I certainly would, were I you," remarked Captain Grey, half closing his light and somewhat steely blue eyes. "I imagine you want to improve yourself by a series of soirées, balls, races, and picnics, according to the season."

"Exactly," returned Miss Owen, going over to the tea-table to which Valerie had retreated without speaking. "Eric does not take sugar, Val!"

While Miss Riddell was talking to Floyd about Paris and his first impressions, Valerie was schooling herself.

She was a girl of a somewhat complex nature, full of kindly impulses, of warm affection, of slumbering passion, all suppressed by a life of self-surrender, to the severity of which she was scarcely alive, so hidden had it been by her sympathy for those she served. But its training strengthened and developed the reflective side of her character, and she now strove to reason herself out of the confusion and embarrassment that overwhelmed her when she found herself face to face with the brown stranger.

"I am making too much of it all, treating it too much *au grand sérieux*. Now that he finds me among people he knows, the oddity of the adventure will pass off, and he will not think so much about me."

And as she argued with herself her color subsided, and she grew more composed, much to the satisfaction of Miss Riddell, who watched her closely, and thought, as Valerie stood by the tea-table in the first moments of embarrassing rencontre, that a sweeter picture of shrinking consciousness — half fear, half pleasure — had never riveted the admiration of man; that her old friend's son drank it in she did not doubt, though his attention seemed still given to herself.

"My chief impression of Paris," Mr. Floyd was saying, when Valerie again listened to what was going on, "is disappointment. It is so hopelessly new — all old landmarks have been swept away — one cannot realize that the scenes we have read of, the events on which modern history hinges, have happened here. For my part I have an extravagant love for old buildings, old streets, tumble-down places of all descriptions. I do not suppose," advancing to the table to take a cup of tea from Valerie, and addressing her — "I do not suppose you, who have been born and brought up in an old country, can realize the sort of wonder and reverence these traces of the past create in us frontiersmen of the new world."

"I can imagine it," said she softly; and, raising her eyes to his, she could not control a bright, amused smile that spread "from the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes."

Eric Floyd smiled too, a grave and quiet smile, and continued to speak as though he had never met her before. "I greatly enjoy visiting these places, but I cannot fancy the idea of living among them."

"No! You are a thorough backwoodsman. You cannot think what a lovely spot he lives in, Miss Riddell. Mountain,

river, lake, forest, everything; and such sport! Of course it is rather out of the world," said Captain Grey.

"Then you are established for yourself, Mr. Floyd?" asked Miss Riddell.

"Yes. I went up to this place, Montfort-sur-Lac, when I was quite a boy. My father bought it years ago, when prices were different from what they are now. It was very wild and remote then, and I went with a party to clear it. I worked hard enough, and made it what it is. Then my father gave it to me, and I would not exchange it for a principality in Europe."

"Oh, it is charming and delightful!" cried Sybil. "I remember going there with your father and eldest sister just before I came here; but it must be awfully lonely. What is your dislike in Europe, Eric?"

"Several things; principally the distrust every one seems to have of their fellows; even people of one's own class appear to think you are a pickpocket if you venture to speak to them without an introduction."

Valerie turned aside to hide the quick color that sprang to her cheek at his words.

"That is unavoidable in our stage of society," said Miss Riddell. "The dwellers on the doubtful border-lands of respectability are so numerous, the difficulty of distinguishing true from false so great, that every one is bound to be circumspect."

"I suppose so," said Floyd, and again his eyes sought and met those of Valerie with a grave and meaning smile. At this juncture Madame Rosambert entered *en grande tenue*, very smiling and bland, and to her Miss Riddell hastened with much *empressement* to present her guests. Madame made a pretty little speech, into which she contrived to introduce the merits of her pension, its situation, the excellence of her table, the study of the "comfortable" to which she devoted herself, and finally mentioned that, although it was contrary to her rules to receive even gentlemen so distinguished as those she had the honor to address, they might recommend it to "their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts," etc., etc.

While the conversation became general, Eric Floyd, who had kept his place beside the tea-table, said in an undertone to Valerie, "I trust yet to win your forgiveness. Will you try and forget what must have seemed audacious and intrusive to you?"

"Yes," returned Valerie quickly, "if you promise to let me do so."

"Agreed," he rejoined; "let us bury the war hatchet. Do you find Sybil Owen very unmanageable?" he asked after a short pause. "She was considered so at home, but she had not much of a chance there."

"I never attempted to manage her," replied Valerie. "But I am sure any one who loved her would have no difficulty with her. She is sound and true of heart."

"I believe it," said Floyd, looking over at her with a kindly smile. "It seems so strange to meet little Sybil Owen here in Paris."

"You are talking about me, I know you are," cried Sybil, breaking away from Madame Rosambert to come across the room. "What was he saying, Val?"

"That you were a troublesome girl, and that I was sorry for Miss Trevor's task," said Floyd.

"Why? Do you suppose it's Val's business to keep me in order? I assure you it is not. Nevertheless, I am not sure that she doesn't. It is quite amazing how a prim thing like her avoids being disagreeable!"

"You speak French, I suppose, Mr. Floyd?" said Miss Riddell.

"Yes, after a fashion. All the people about me speak French — rather *patois* French; but I learned it grammatically;" and he was drawn into a conversation with Madame Rosambert.

"I must go away now," whispered Valerie to her friend. "It is still so light and fine that I shall walk across the Bois to Passy."

"And I will come with you and bring them," with a nod towards Captain Grey; "it is getting slow here."

"You had better not, Sybil. I would much rather not."

But Sybil had already exclaimed, "Miss Trevor is going home, and I am going to walk with her part of the way. Who will come?"

"I will!" and "I will!" from both gentlemen.

"And you, dear Miss Riddell," said Valerie, approaching her with imploring eyes, "will you not come too? I am sure a walk will do you good."

"I am not sure of anything of the kind," said Miss Riddell crossly; "but Sybil leaves me no choice." And turning to madame she explained their intentions, and made the necessary excuses, while madame smiled complete approbation.

The fire was getting low, and there would be no need to replenish it. The light would soon fade, and there would be no need of extra bougies, so she wished them very heartily farewell.

The pedestrians were soon equipped, and sallied forth into the dry, clear air ready to enjoy a quick, invigorating walk. Valerie offered her arm to Miss Riddell, who, though she usually rejected such aid, on the present occasion at once accepted it. And Sybil called out, "Come, Eric, you must walk with me." After which command, Captain Grey attached himself to Miss Riddell. Valerie, who was very silent, found their conversation amusing, and was not surprised that Sybil thought Captain Grey charming and delightful. He was the first specimen of a polished travelled *mondé* Englishman she had ever met, and she was agreeably surprised. After walking thus for some quarter of an hour, Eric Floyd paused to put some questions to Miss Riddell, then all went on together. Finally, Captain Grey appropriated Miss Owen, and Mr. Floyd fell into conversation with Valerie and her companion; very different talk from that of his friend — easy, natural, but with a tinge of originality very delightful to a mind like Valerie's.

At the lakes Sybil wished to make a *détour*. The water she thought looked still and filmy, as though it promised ice.

"Then I shall leave you here," said Valerie; "I am quite near home."

"Perhaps you had better," returned Miss Riddell, who seemed less at ease than was usual with her; "and I shall not stay out long; I am tired and cross."

"Is it well to go on alone all the way to Passy?" asked Mr. Floyd, looking wistfully at her.

"Better alone than under escort, I assure you!" cried Valerie, laughing and coloring vividly.

"She is right," said Miss Riddell.

"Good-bye then," said Floyd, "and *au revoir*; I do not know my ground here." He raised his hat, and with a slight hesitation held out his hand. Valerie put hers into it, felt it held perhaps a trifle too long and too closely, and then, turning, walked quickly away.

CHAPTER IV.

VALERIE, however, found that she had congratulated herself prematurely on her probable deliverance from the mysterious link which seemed to have been forged between herself and Eric Floyd. For a week or ten days after this visit he ap-

peared almost ubiquitous. Whenever Valerie accompanied Sybil to her singing lesson, or to any lectures, etc., which her aunt insisted on her attending, they were sure to meet Mr. Floyd, occasionally alone, but generally accompanied by Captain Grey. There was really little to complain of in these meetings, and Valerie had very little to say to Eric Floyd, for Sybil always insisted on his walking beside her, though he usually contrived to make the conversation general. Moreover, he managed to leave the impression on Valerie that he watched her looks and words with a quiet persistence which disturbed and alarmed her, more particularly as Sybil confided to her her romantic attachment to her old friend, confessing at the same time that she would have considered Captain Grey the most charming person in the world had not Eric appeared; and even now, if she were more sure of Mr. Floyd, she would care less for him. "He is so cool and quiet and indifferent. I must stir him up somehow. And how handsome he is! There is so much strength in his gentleness. Do you know, Val, he is the best shot, the most daring hunter in our side of the country. All the *coureurs* know him. He seems quite out of place here. I am sure he only *pretends* to be so indifferent to me, for after all I am not ugly or disagreeable!"

And Valerie would answer soothingly. Meanwhile a restless uneasiness grew upon her, and was increased by a conversation with Miss Riddell during a *tête-à-tête* with that lady while she was kept to her room by a severe cold.

"It seems you are constantly meeting those tiresome men," she said crossly, in the intervals of coughing and sneezing. "I do not at all approve of it, and I am sure I wish that troublesome girl were back with her stepmother. She has not a thought in her head except of dress and amusement and admiration. She is as selfish as she can be; she does not care how she drags you about —"

"Indeed, Miss Riddell, she is always kind and generous and affectionate to me."

"I am glad you are satisfied. As to me, my position is most difficult. If that silly girl is carried away by the airs and graces of Captain Grey, my brother will blame me; and if Eric Floyd persists in his persecution of you, why, his father will blame me also. Tell me, my dear, has he conducted himself with discretion?"

"Oh yes!" cried Valerie, laughing,
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"the utmost discretion. Believe me, it was 'distance lent enchantment to the view.' He and I hold very little communication now."

"It is better so," remarked Miss Riddell, "especially as you are wise enough not to care about him. I am sure I would gladly have you for a daughter-in-law, my dear, but it does not follow that Eric's father would. They are fond of that troublesome monkey, Sybil, and of her money too; so, as the child really has not a very pleasant home, it would be well for all parties if Eric married her. Where is she, by the way?"

"She has persuaded madame to let Madeleine go with her to take her skates to be sharpened. They hope to skate to-morrow or next day."

"Gracious powers! What a prospect for me!" groaned Miss Riddell. "Really Mrs. Hartwell must take her with her own girls."

"I am sure she will," said Valerie. "I must leave you now, for it grows late. Can I fetch you a book or do anything for you before I go?"

"N—no, thank you. You are very good to me, child. It is long before Sybil would think of me as *you* do."

"Indeed you do her injustice. She said when she was going out that she would walk as far as the Champs Elysées to get Daudet's '*Rois en Exile*' for you."

"Did she?" said Miss Riddell, mollified. "Well, good-night, my dear. Does that tiresome Canadian molest you at l'Etoile now?"

"Oh! never, never. All that folly is gone by —"

"So much the better. Now get away, it is quite dark."

These remarks then added considerably to the vague depression which weighed upon Valerie. In spite of her brave determination not to treat Floyd's *engouement au grand sérieux*, she was more and more haunted by his eyes, his voice, his words. Never had her heart spoken before. There was something she could not account for in the strange fascination of his quiet watchfulness, his unobtrusive attention, the delicacy implied by his patience. If she dared yield to the great longing which grew up within her stronger and stronger every day, to accept the love that seemed wrapping itself irresistibly around her, life would be too heavenly. Could it be that all these delicious possibilities would fade away and leave her to the pale, grey tints of her former existence? Alas! she dared not be false to

the loving, trusting friend who daily poured out her hopes and fears to her.

She measured Sybil's feelings by the deep and absorbing passion which was gradually mastering herself. What a return to make both aunt and niece, her only true friends, who were even now planning her welfare; to cross their plans — to blight her own dear companion's happiness! If she could but avoid him, and cure herself of that terrible longing to see him when he was away, to escape from him when he was near! Her life had been so hard and dull of late, and now she must turn from the glow and warmth and sunshine.

But she did battle bravely. She studiously avoided all the meetings she possibly could. She bestowed more time on Mesdemoiselles Smith and Green, and worked herself almost to death expounding their literature lessons to them.

This was the easier, as Sybil was a good deal at Mrs. Hartwell's and on the ice, where her performances were much admired. Once or twice she insisted on Valerie coming down to witness them, and on both occasions Sybil had the advantage of having Eric Floyd for a partner. A small crowd assembled to watch and applaud their evolutions, and Valerie, with a sinking heart, expressed her warmest admiration. Floyd attempted to persuade her to learn, but she refused, nor did he show much perseverance. It was not an exhilarating experience, and Valerie atoned for her half-day by redoubled work.

The day after, Sybil was in the sulks. Eric had not appeared. The next day she was better, though Eric was still absent, but Captain Grey had distinguished himself by the most perfect skating and the most delightful conversation.

Meantime, M. le Capitaine Latour had been a little less difficult than usual at that season. Winter was a trying time, for after dark he did not like to go out; consequently, he missed the cheerfulness of his restaurant dinner, and required both company and cooking.

The last few days, however, Valerie found him good-humored and elated. He had met agreeable company at the restaurant when he went to *déjeuner*. Some distinguished strangers had drawn him into conversation as he watched a game of billiards, and one, an Englishman, one who had travelled much, and was lately from Germany, had been so interested in his account of the Russian campaign, as described by the captain's late brave and

noble father, and his own experiences in the Crimean War, that he returned more than once, *ma foi*, to resume the conversation. The gentleman was probably a writer, perhaps a contributor to some of those gigantic journals by which the English press disseminate falsehoods and *canards*.

"I am sure, dear uncle, they tell fewer lies than other newspapers."

"*Chut, ma belle!* What does a child like you know? But my English friend is really well instructed, intelligent, and of manners, ah!" — a pause and a gesture expressive of the utmost admiration, the fingers gathered to a point, pressed against the lips, and then suddenly flung into the air.

"I am very glad you have been amused, dear uncle," said Valerie kindly; and the old man talked on, Valerie not heeding much until his announcement of the extraordinary fact that he was going to partake of *déjeuner* with the widow of his friend the late Colonel Rethel, on the following Sunday, attracted her attention. He had, he said, matters of importance to discuss with her and her son Eugène, an admirable and promising young man, rising in his profession too. He had just been appointed musical instructor in the Ecole Normale de Passy.

"I am pleased to hear it; he seems very industrious, poor little one —"

"Little one!" repeated M. le Capitaine with some irritation. "He is taller than you are."

"Perhaps. But I should not make a big man," returned Valerie, laughing; and the conversation died away.

The day but one after, Valerie had finished her work a little earlier than usual and reached home about six. She was weary, and heartily wished her uncle's dinner and subsequent half-hour of talk, or rather soliloquy, was over. As she took out her key to open the entrance door, she was surprised to hear her grand-uncle's voice, loud and cheerful, as if holding forth to some one. She paused an instant and took off her hat and cloak in the vestibule, hastily putting her hair to rights by guess-work, for the little entry was dark except for a gleam of light through the half-open door of the *salon*. The quick walk from the train had brought some color into her cheeks — which had been woefully pale of late — and lent brightness to her wistful, kindly grey eyes.

Still wondering who her uncle's visitor could possibly be, she pushed open the

door and then stood still, almost breathless with surprise. The lamp was lit; her uncle, still in his frock-coat, had drawn his easy-chair to the largest table, and was tracing something with his finger on a map which lay outspread upon it, and at the opposite side, on a stiff, high-backed *priedieu*, bending also with great apparent interest over the map, sat Eric Floyd.

He rose with much composure as Valerie paused within the threshold.

"Ah, my little Valerie," cried the captain, "come hither; let me present to you the English gentleman of whom I have spoken. I find he is a family friend of the excellent Miss Riddell, so he has done me the honor to pay me a visit in our *petit appartement*. Possibly monsieur has met my niece before?"

Mr. Floyd *had* had that pleasure, and he came forward, his tall figure and broad shoulders making the *salon* look positively smaller, to place a chair for mademoiselle, and saying in an apologetic tone, and in English, "Your uncle was so good as to ask me in, and I could not refuse."

Valerie looked a little reproachfully at him, yet a sweet, pleased smile played on her lips. It was wonderful what light and interest and charm the scantily furnished *salon* suddenly appeared to have gained; even its atmosphere, slightly stuffy from the peculiar warmth of the *brassier*, seemed soft and soothing. Yet Valerie was ill at ease. She must not abandon herself to the pleasure of this unexpected meeting; she must be faithful and true. Meanwhile she could think of no other phrase, save the not very original remark that it was cold and threatened to be colder; and then she found some needlework and sat down beside her uncle, who continued the argument he had been pursuing — viz., whether it would have been wiser to attack Sebastopol from the north, and, if so, did the blame of not attacking it rest with Marshal St. Arnaud or Raglan. Here there was a difference of opinion, but Floyd said little and allowed M. le Capitaine to hold forth to his heart's content. After considerable noise, explanation, and assertion, there was a slight pause, when Valerie said gently, as if out of her thoughts, "I did not know you had been in Germany."

"Yes; after a short visit to friends in England last spring, I went to Berlin, then away south to Vienna, the Bavarian Highlands, Munich, Dresden."

"Do you speak German, then?"

"A little. I enjoy reading it."

"That astonishes me," said M. Latour. "It is a barbarous people, and their literature cannot have the refinement, the grace, which we French possess."

"It has a certain ruggedness," said Floyd.

"But what depth and richness!" added Valerie.

"Ruggedness does not, then, repel you!" asked Floyd, turning to look at her.

"Not when I feel it is only exterior," returned Valerie with a little sigh.

The captain rolled up his map and went to put it away.

"You did not come first to Paris," continued Valerie, feeling a curious, sad restlessness in his presence.

"No, I kept Paris for a *bonne bouche*. It remains to be proved if it leaves a sweet or bitter after-taste."

Valerie fancied she perceived a double meaning in this.

"Have you been on the ice to-day?" she asked.

"Yes, for about an hour, but too early for my little friend, Sybil Owen. Indeed, I do not think she has skated this morning. She was to dine at Mrs. Hartwell's, and they are going to the *Français* after. I did hear that *you* were to be of the party."

Valerie shook her head. "Miss Riddell kindly asked me to go with them; but no, it would be too late to return. Are you going?"

"I am not sure."

"Sybil will be disappointed if you do not," returned Valerie, raising her eyes with some effort to his. "You remind her of her home and —"

"I do not think she will miss me much when George Grey is of the party," said Eric Floyd, laughing. "He is a very captivating fellow, I am told."

"Perhaps so; yet she *will* miss you."

Floyd shook his head. "The Hartwells are to give a dance on the twentieth; a regular dance, carpets up, auxiliary music, etc. Sybil says she is determined to carry you there *volens*."

"She will not," returned Valerie, smiling. "She is always good and thoughtful for me, but she does not think of the difficulties. How could I return home at perhaps two or three o'clock?"

"I should be most happy to escort you home," exclaimed Floyd eagerly, his large brown eyes lighting up.

"You ought to know, by this, that such a thing is impossible."

"I begin to fear it is," he returned.

"What are you talking of?" asked Captain Latour, coming back to the *salon*.

"A friend of Miss Riddell's gives a *soirée dansante*," replied Floyd, "and she, Miss Riddell, and her niece, are most anxious Mademoiselle Valerie should accompany them."

"They are infinitely kind," said M. le Capitaine. "But young ladies are better at home, especially when, like this poor dear child, they have no mother to guide them. When she is married she can go to balls with her husband."

"Are you going to be married?" said Floyd with sudden, almost fierce, interrogation.

Valerie laughed. "Not that I am aware of," she returned.

"I fear you must think me very unmannerly, very rude," said Floyd penitently — and, in English, "If I ever have a chance of explaining myself —"

Here M. le Capitaine broke out with a high eulogium on the matrimonial system of France, to which Floyd slightly demurred, and Valerie was again reduced to a listener. After some further conversation, partly about Canada, partly on the prospects of the Bonapartists, Mr. Floyd took leave. "I must make the opportunity for an explanation," he said, in a low tone. "I see *you* will not help me."

"It is impossible I should," returned Valerie gravely.

"Why not?" he rejoined quickly. "But that, too, remains to be discussed. Good evening, M. le Capitaine. I have to thank you for an agreeable hour, and trust I have your permission to return."

"My dear sir, you are at all times most welcome. The society of a man so distinguished, enlightened, and cultivated as yourself," etc. etc. etc. With much *empressement* M. le Capitaine bowed him out and continued a running fire of praises all the while that Valerie went to and fro to her own room to put on her large working-apron, to the kitchen to warm up an appetizing little dish prepared by the *femme de ménage*, and back to the *salon* to serve the ancient warrior's evening meal.

How wonderful it would be to know the silent tragedies that are accomplished in the hidden depths of inner life while the exterior mill-wheel round of commonplace materialism, of every-day ordinary work and duty, goes on unceasingly!

Valerie spread her grand-uncle's little table and placed his food before him with her usual neatness and observance, yet all the time the pulses of her heart were beating a funeral measure over the happiness

she was obliged, or thought she was obliged, to trample under her feet, as she resolutely trod the thorny way of honor and of duty. She could have cried aloud for mercy to the inexorable destiny that held her in its iron grasp while she smiled, and listened, and replied to her uncle's babble and attended to his many wants; and then, when she had fed and comforted him and given him his spectacles and his cigarette and his *Figaro*, she went away to explain the mysteries of the chromatic scale and the doctrine of six crotchets in a bar to two fidgety nasal American children, just about the time that Sybil Owen and the Miss Hartwells, escorted by Major Hartwell, Captain Grey, and an artistic young Englishman of independent means, who played at painting, were stepping into the carriages that were to convey them to the Français.

Yet the next morning Sybil was much the most downcast and depressed of the two friends. If Valerie was pale and quiet, she was self-possessed, clear-headed, and ready for her duties, while poor Sybil was "all abroad," and, to use her own favorite expression, "cross as two sticks."

"I really do not know what is the matter with the child," said Miss Riddell to Valerie after *déjeuner*. "Try and find out as you walk along — you are going to the singing-class, are you not, to-day?" Valerie assented. "I do not like to see her so out of sorts. Troublesome as she is, there is a look in her eyes that reminds me of my poor dear sister. If she had lived, Sybil would have been different — a mother is such a loss! And to think of that husband of hers marrying again before she was cold in her grave! Really, most men are worthless! and women are so weak! Here is Sybil. Try and draw her out."

Miss Owen had put on an old black dress and her shabbiest hat. Moreover, she looked as if she had thrown them on with a pitchfork.

"Good gracious, Sybil, what a fright you look!" exclaimed her aunt, with the amiable frankness peculiar to near relations.

"I may just as well be a fright as a carefully dressed pretty girl, aunty, for all the good it does me. I do wish you would come away from this horrid, detestable place. I am sure it disagrees with me. I feel exceedingly unwell. Just talk to madame, and settle to start next week, and eat our Christmas dinner in England — and let us carry off Valerie! Val is the only sensible, reasonable Christian

among us. I will go and talk to your uncle about it myself. Come along, Val, do—you have just been half an hour tying that bow under your chin."

It was exceedingly cold when they sallied forth. The ground was like iron, and the trees, and railings, and few evergreens near the houses sparkled with frost; the horses toiling along with carts or fiacres sent forth clouds of mingled breath and heat into the intensely clear air; but, as yet, very little snow had fallen.

"What a splendid day for those who are young and active!" exclaimed Valerie, "but trying to the weak and old. My uncle will be quite ill this evening, I fear."

"Why, is he very infirm? But you Europeans are a miserable set. *We* are jolly as can be—full of all kinds of fun—when we have several more degrees of cold than this."

"I do not think I should like it."

"Sometimes I think I should like to go back to Canada, and sometimes I don't," resumed Miss Owen, after a pause. "In short, I am miserable!"

"Why, dear? Yesterday you were as gay as a lark."

"I know I'm a fool," resumed Sybil, somewhat irrelevantly, "but I cannot help it; and then I am unlucky—decidedly unlucky; I never get a thing I want."

"Sybil, Sybil, do not say that. I think you get nearly everything. Would you like to change places with me? Mind, I am not complaining; I am quite willing to accept the inevitable, but *would* you change places with me?"

"I do not know. I would like to be like you in some ways. You are—oh! I do not know what it is about you I sometimes envy. You are perpetually on the go, and yet you are bright. As to your life, I think I should be inclined to try a 'cup of cold p'sen' if I had to drum French into the brains of Miss Smith and Miss Green, and I *think* your uncle would not like the change. Let us go by the Ternes, Val. I do not want to meet any one to-day."

They walked on a little way in silence, and then Valerie asked, "Did you enjoy the theatre last night?"

"Enjoy it?" almost in a scream. "I was far too vexed. It was a capital play, too, and so wonderfully acted! But you know how pretty that black satin and lace costume of mine is, with the clear sleeves and V body? It fits like a glove. I never looked better. Just before dinner a lovely bouquet came for me—not a nasty

wired affair, but just a lot of loose flowers, geraniums, and camellias, and ferns—superb ones. So I put some in the opening of my corsage, some in my hair, and wondered who sent them, fancying all the time it must be Eric. He did not come to dinner, but Mrs. Hartwell said he would join us after, and away we went. Well, every time the box door opened I thought it must be Eric, and I went on watching and listening and growing just wild; and he never, never came. They were all saying, 'What has become of Mr. Floyd? You must have offended him, Miss Owen.' That horrid, horrid Captain Grey, too, kept watching me with his detestable green eyes—they are *quite* green, Val—with a sort of pitying expression till I longed to slap his face. And what do you think? Just as we were coming away and I had taken his arm, he had the audacity to give it a squeeze and say, 'Thank you for wearing my flowers. I did not know how pretty they were till now.' I was so mad I just snatched them out of my bosom and flung them into the road. He said very quietly, 'Thank you again. Can I assist you to take out those in your hair also?' I felt rather silly, and I am sure I do not know how I got home. Was it not rude and unkind of Eric Floyd to break his promise in that way? If he goes on like this he will break *my* heart, and force me to marry the first man that asks me! Why, as an old friend and a kinsman (I believe he is a sort of a cousin) he ought to be more attentive and considerate. Then these nasty, stuck-up, ill-natured Misses Hartwell, I am sure they enjoyed my disappointment. Where could Eric have gone?"

Valerie hesitated, and the moment for speaking was gone. She could not bring her tongue to form the words, "He was visiting my uncle," and, having lost the opportunity, it was doubly difficult to broach the subject. While Sybil talked on she tried to remember at what hour Eric Floyd had left there. He might have been in time for the theatre had he gone straight to his hotel and dressed, but—"And you may say what you like, I *am* unlucky," Sybil was saying when Valerie again gave attention to her.

"Sybil, Sybil, I am quite distressed and uneasy about you. Why do you let such fancies fasten themselves upon you? If Mr. Floyd is inclined to love you, nothing will prevent him; and if not, why you cannot help it. Do you not see how miserable and degrading all this craving for what you cannot be sure about is? Do,

do try to turn your thoughts away and call up your pride and ——"

"You have no business to lecture me!" cried Sybil angrily. "Do you fancy it is your duty to keep me in order? Why, I am nearly as old as you are, and I know twice as much of the world. I don't understand your stiff nature. I like Eric, and I want him to like me. I do not see any harm in that. Why, he is not as old nor as *distingué* as Captain Grey, who thinks so *much* of me, and yet he gives himself those airs of indifference. You are a cold, disagreeable cat. I thought you were my friend, and you scold as if you were Aunt Hetty herself, instead of sympathizing in my troubles," and the speech ended in a sob.

"If I am a cat you are a goose, a great goose, Sybil," said Valerie with much composure. "It is because I *do* love you, because I know what a true, warm-hearted dear you are, that I cannot bear to see you making a fool of yourself. Never talk to me about Mr. Floyd again till you come and tell me has asked you to be his wife, and then I should not be a bit surprised if you refused him."

"It would be great fun to punish him," cried Sybil, smiling through her tears. "But do you think he ever will ask me?"

"How can I possibly tell? I know scarce anything of the world, and nothing at all of men. I have only associated with my uncle and the professors with whom I studied."

"Well, we are nearly at Madame Rakoffski's. Are my eyes very red?"

"No, not very. Try, dear Sybil, to start some fresh train of thought — Mrs. Hartwell's dance — your journey to England — your dress — anything but Mr. Floyd."

"Well, wait till the Hartwells' *soirée*; then I will settle down to a sedate old maid, unless, indeed, I have to buy my *trousseau*. I say, Val, you do not mind me calling you a cold cat?"

"Not the least, dear; I quite understand you."

"You do! and really and truly I never loved any one — any girl, I mean — so much as I love you, and yet, could you believe it, there are times when I could slap your face?"

"Do not, I would advise you," said Valerie, laughing, "because I should give you a good shaking, and I am much stronger than you are."

"You would serve me right. Do you know, Val, Aunt Hetty and I are going to attack your uncle together, to get his consent for you to come to England with us. It would break my heart to leave you behind to drum French history and literature perpetually into the sandy brains of all the Miss Smiths and Greens of Birmingham and Manchester who may succeed the present ones. Would you not like to come?"

"Yes, more than I can say. I feel awfully weary here."

"I wonder you are alive!" with deepest feeling. "I say, Val, you know that brown dress I bought last week with the velvet collar and cuffs? It is a good deal too long for me, and a little tight across the chest. I wish you would take it. Do, like a darling. It would be a blessing to feel it is not lost. Will you, Val?"

"No, dear, I will *not*. The essence of friendship is equality, and I will not let you swamp ours with favors."

"Well, you are a proud, cold, disagreeable, odious cat. There now! I must stop, but I shall not be able to sing a note."

"Please remember too that you have outrun your allowance, and are in debt."

"What of that? My guardian must pay everything. I have more money than you think, and they are abominably stingy to me."

Valerie flattered herself, however, that her remonstrance had not been quite thrown away; for, though she had some private interviews with Sybil during the next two or three days, she scarcely mentioned the delinquent Floyd, and then with some favor, as he had come out alone to call on Aunt Hetty, and, the *salon* fire not being alight, he had been shown up to Miss Riddell's private sitting-room, where Sybil said they had a real comfortable talk.

He came the next day and accompanied her and her aunt to the ice, but on neither occasion did Valerie see him. It was fortunate, she told herself, that she was employed and had a good excuse for keeping away: time, she hoped and prayed, would bring her strength and peace. Meantime, she clung to the glimmer of hope for the future promised by Miss Riddell's intention to try her powers of persuasion once more upon the gallant and venerable ex-captain.

From The Leisure Hour.
THE POTTERY DISTRICTS OF FIJI.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING, AUTHOR OF "A LADY'S CRUISE IN A FRENCH MAN-OF-WAR."

FOR many years, during which the name of Fiji had been known to us only from its association with the king of the Cannibal Islands, there had been one small point from which occasional suggestions of human interest reached us. This was the island of Nananu, the property of Mr. Leefe, brother to a clergyman, one of our intimate friends in England. Great was the interest invariably excited by the arrival of a letter from these far-distant isles, and when we turned our own faces thither this seemed the one definite point in that hazy group. Already many months had elapsed, and the larger isles had become to me familiar ground, and still no opportunity had offered itself of visiting Nananu. At last the right day came. Baron von Hügel, who was practically one of the household, had occasion to visit that part of the coast, and Captain Knollys, the governor's aide-de-camp, most kindly lent us his capital sailing-boat and Fijian crew. We started at dawn with a fair wind; and eight hours' run, coasting the beautiful shores of Viti Levu, brought us to our destination.

As seen from the sea, and in contrast with the mountain ranges all around, Nananu is a low, grassy isle, its general appearance by no means fertile. It is the exclusive property of Mr. Leefe, no Fijian inhabitant remaining, unless some stray workman or shepherd. The "hands" are as usual, foreign labor from the Solomon Isles, New Hebrides, etc. Since the failure of cotton and the ever-increasing value of cocoanuts has been proved, attention has been chiefly paid to multiplying the latter, and thousands of young palms have consequently been planted in every available crevice, on Sir Walter Scott's principle of "aye be sticking in a tree, it will be growing while ye are sleeping." All manner of fruit-bearing trees are also cherished—orange and lemon trees, and the delicious native keveeka, which resembles a large, pink, transparent pear, and answers the purpose of a cooling drink. It is one of the few ornamental flowering-trees of these isles, as it bears masses of blossom, which, however, are most uninteresting when gathered, as they share a characteristic common to many flowers of the Pacific, being almost devoid of calyx, and consisting of a large tuft of stamens.

One of Mr. Leefe's most interesting experiments has been the introduction of Angora goats—lovely white creatures with long, silky fleece. At great expense he procured two pair, and, having killed off all the wild he-goats on the island, these beautiful strangers were established as monarchs of the land. At the time of our visit the flock was an exceedingly pretty sight—two hundred and thirty mothers of all varieties of color, and each with either one or two pure white kids. Of the fathers of the flock, however, one had already met with a most untimely end, having so entangled its long fleece in a thorny lemon-bush that it was there held prisoner, and not found till it was dead. The second narrowly escaped a similar fate. It was caught in a thicket by its horns, and was not discovered till the following morning. It was, however, reported missing at night, and all hands turned out to seek for the lost goat, torch in hand. After several hours' search the quest was given up as hopeless, and all returned to sleep. But ere long the alarm of fire was given, and the whole hill was seen to be ablaze. A torch carelessly dropped in the dry grass had started a conflagration, which spread rapidly, and in its progress destroyed a multitude of promising young palm-trees recently planted.

At five o'clock on the morning after our arrival I accompanied Mrs. Leefe on her daily morning expedition to milk the goats—that is to say, as many as were required for household use. The fold is about a mile distant from the house, and for me, as a casual visitor, this was a very pretty sight. But you can imagine that, romantic as it sounds, this daily task may lose the charm of novelty, and when considered as a daily task, to be accomplished in all weathers—even when heavy rains have made the steep hill-paths a mere streak of gaassy red mud, or when a weary body craves a quiet morning's rest, and yet the invariable walk must be accomplished—it may become somewhat of a burden. Many such experiences await the lady who has the courage to face such a lot as that of a planter's wife in any new country, and the marvel is how bravely and well many learn to persevere in labors so new and strange to them.

The morning's milking was but the beginning of the day's work. Every detail of kitchen, house, or laundry required pretty close supervision, and every delicacy for the table or fine work in the laundry must necessarily be done by the

mistress herself. Add to all this the care of the silkworms — a recent experiment, and one which would no doubt succeed but for one insuperable obstacle, namely, the price of labor in Fiji as compared with that in the silk-growing districts of China. The amount of care required by these creatures is immense. Six times a day they must be fed — that means going out to gather fresh mulberry-leaves, carefully drying each one, cleaning the trays, looking over the eggs, carefully separating the tiny newly-hatched worms, attending to the cocoons, guarding them from the attacks of insects, and, in short, devoting to the task as much time and patience as would be required in any human nursery.

All these manifold cares fell on my hostess, assisted only by her daughter Ethel, a joyous, natural girl, twelve years of age, to whom the island had been home from earliest infancy, and its every corner invested with such romance as only happy childhood knows how to weave. To her all the living creatures were companions and personal acquaintances — the poultry, the goats, the very pigs, whose name was legion, and who lived by themselves in a large pen near the sea, where their daily rations of coconuts were carried to them by the labor boys. Ethel had but one care — the sorrow of occasional lessons, especially that most grievous task, a music lesson, for her mother had managed to retain one pleasant reminder of the old life in her treasured piano, the solace of many an evening when the toil of day was over. Alas! a few months later the family were awakened by a sudden cry of fire, and, as usual in houses of such combustible material, a few moments sufficed to reduce the pleasant Robinson Crusoe home to ashes. Piano, books, nicknacks, all irreplaceable treasures, gone, and the family left with only the clothes they stood in. Of course, it does not take long to rebuild a house in the Fijian style, and perhaps the new house is better than the old, but in so remote a home new keepsakes and books and ornaments accumulate slowly, "and we cannot buy with gold the old associations." But what a quaint old ramshackle home it was! A little cluster of houses, all under different roofs. The central building, divided into two by the thinnest partition, formed the family sitting-room and a bedroom for the mother and daughter. Mr. Leefe's room lay beyond — a grass hut all by itself. Close by was another house, which served as a dining-room, so close to the sea that you could almost step from the verandah

into the water. A piece of this house was my bedroom. I assisted in removing thence many sacks of maize and of cuttle-fish bones the morning after my arrival. But one trace of its former use was immovable — namely, the corn-grinder in which the men's daily rations were ground, with such intolerable noise as invariably drove me up the hill to escape from it. Just beyond the sitting-room house stood a magnificent old ndelo-tree, with large, dark glossy leaves and fragrant clusters of small, yellow blossoms. (I have spelt the name of this tree so as to indicate the Fijian pronunciation of the letter D. In like manner the letter B is sounded as if preceded by an M, and C is pronounced like Th. All this may seem to newcomers as if the missionaries who reduced the language to writing had done so in an arbitrary manner, but all residents acknowledge the wisdom of the device for rendering the peculiar sounds of the language.)

Beneath its shade much carpentering and other work was done, and from its wide-spreading arms hung such joints of kid as the family larder furnished. On the other side of the great tree stood the kitchen, and beyond that the silkworm-house, each being large Fijian houses. A kitchen garden lay conveniently near, in which grew such vegetables as the tiny tomato, known as love-apple, and the tree-pea, a shrub bearing pods very similar to those so familiar to us all. The paths in every direction were bordered with pineapple plants, promising an abundant harvest.

The centre of the isle is, as I have said, generally grassy, and the only abundant shrub is the screw-pine or pandanus, with long prickly leaves set screw-wise, and odd roots like a multitude of pillars, which make the tree look as if it were walking on stilts. It bears a large scarlet or orange fruit something like a pineapple in appearance, but with so little on its woody sections to tempt the palate that none save goatherds or others on whom the long day hangs heavy would care to nibble or rather to gnaw them.

Though the general character of the isle is thus bare, all round the seacoast is a fringe of beautiful old trees, the ndelo of which I have just spoken, the mbaka or Fijian banyan, the Fijian almond, the eevie or chestnut, the keveeka with its rosy blossoms or fruit, and many others, including thickets of wild lemon-trees. So you can wander pleasantly round the isle, passing from one white sand bay to

another, and keeping in the shelter of these great overhanging trees, whose dark foliage forms so perfect a screen. Better still to have a small canoe, in which to paddle from one pleasant bay to the next, and so avoid the toil of scrambling round or over headlands at high tide.

The only drawback to these delightful sheltered spots is the multitude of mosquitos which infest them. These very quickly scented a fresh prey when, the day after my arrival, I settled down to draw a careful study of a magnificent old banyan, very near akin, I think, to the *Ficus religiosa* of India. The mosquitos assembled in myriads. Vainly did Ethel and a wild-looking goatherd sit one on each side of me, holding branches with which to beat them off, and vainly did I slay six or eight at a time as often as I could slap one hand on the other. Thicker and thicker they swarmed (for there was not a breath of air stirring in the thicket where we sat), so at last we had to give it up, and fly to cool our fevered hands and faces in the sea; then we lay under the orange-trees in an old garden, and ate ripe golden fruit to our hearts' content. Afterwards, in making studies here and in similar places, I took the precaution of first hanging up my mosquito net, so as to avoid this maddening distraction, though of course it was anything but an advantage in other respects.

One of our favorite expeditions was to the beautiful Bay of Onie on the other side of the isle; a perfect horseshoe, a mile and a half round, with the purest white sand, and shaded with densest foliage, and great boughs projecting so far as quite to overhang the water. Here we spent many hours in pleasant idleness. A lovelier bathing-place could not be conceived, and the fear of sharks was all forgotten, both here and close to the house, where morning and evening we revelled in the clear lovely water which came rippling up to the very door, whispering to us even in our dreams. We were joined in our bathing by a bright, intelligent girl from the Solomon Islands, and she and Ethel rivalled one another in feats of swimming and diving, disporting themselves like merry mermaids.

Separated from Nananu by a small channel is another islet, on which live a separate flock of goats. These had to be counted one day, so we all went over together to see a curious natural rock bridge, the hole below which was created, according to Fijian legend, by a shark jumping through.

Nananu lies just off the shores of Viti Levu (Great Fiji), a coast to me all unknown. It was therefore tantalizing in the extreme to see the great blue mountains rising before me day after day, and Mr. Leefe most kindly undertook to escort me to some of the principal points of interest in the neighborhood.

We spent one day on the island of Malaki, a pleasant spot, grassy and wooded, but without inhabitants, its people having been driven out by the whites as an act of vengeance for the deliberate murder of a white man whose boat had touched at their inhospitable shore. To these people is attributed the honor of having been the first in the isles to invent pottery. They now inhabit the town of Na Sava, which we visited a few days later for the express purpose of seeing them at work. I had already watched the potters in several other districts, but here we had traced the stream to its source; such at least is the tradition of the isles.

A special interest attaches to this pottery, inasmuch as no such manufacture has been found on any other group in the Pacific. Some very coarse specimens have certainly been brought from the New Hebrides and the Solomon Isles, and I believe that very coarse pottery is made and used throughout Melanesia; still it can hold no comparison with that of Fiji, where pottery is used in every house, both for cooking purposes and for holding water. Considering the coarseness of the materials used and the rude manner in which it is fashioned (wholly by hand, and by rule of thumb), and that the manufacturers are people whom the civilized world are wont to regard as utter savages, the most casual observer cannot fail to be impressed by the artistic beauty and immense variety of form thus produced. Naturally what are made for ordinary domestic purposes — *i.e.*, cooking and water-pots — adhere pretty much to one general form, but in the patterns with which these are decorated, and the manufacture of what we may call "fancy articles," every potter follows her own taste, and the same exact form is very rarely reproduced. Occasionally we have tried to get duplicates made to order, but the result has almost invariably been most unsatisfactory, and in no case will the potters of one district attempt to copy a piece which has been brought from some other island or district.

It is said that the idea of using clay for the manufacture of bowls, and also the form of the common cooking and water-

vessels, were alike suggested by the work of the common mason bee, which builds its clay nest in any convenient corner. In the doorway or under the eaves, where the swallows of our own land are wont to place theirs, we find these little earthen homes precisely similar in form to the cooking-vessels in daily use, being globular or oblong, with an opening at one side, approached by a narrow neck with turned-back lip. I have often succeeded in detaching these from a window, and found them perfect miniatures of the ordinary Fijian pots. The idea being once started, other objects in nature soon suggested variety of form, such as the shell of the turtle and the form of certain fruits.

On the occasion of our visit to Na Sava the village chief desired the principal potters (all women) to assemble on the *rara* (which answers to the village green), that we might have an opportunity of seeing a good number working at the same time. The pottery is made entirely by hand; nothing of the nature of a wheel being known. The clay, having been mixed with fine sand, is rolled into long sausages, and these are coiled one above the other in a hollow circle, thus forming the base of a round pot. Having partly moulded this into shape, the potter takes a smooth round stone in her left hand, and holds it inside the clay while with the other hand she beats the exterior with a flat piece of wood like a spoon, constantly moistening the clay. Fresh clay sausages are then built up round the top, and gradually narrowed till there only remains room to insert one finger (if for a water-pot) or the food (if a cooking-pot). The rim of the vessel must now be fashioned, and then comes a final wetting and smoothing of the whole, and probably the marking with a small stick of a very elaborate geometrical pattern. This work must be done ere the day wanes, as towards sunset the clay falls and will not work obediently to the potter's hand.

For from four to eight days the grey clay pots must lie in the house to dry. After this they are first baked on a light straw fire, and afterwards with wood, and while still hot are glazed with the heated resin of the *ndakua* pine, which I believe to be identical with, or at least very nearly akin to, the *kauri* pine of New Zealand, which yields the beautiful amber-like gum.

In the same district, rowing to the head of a lovely sheltered bay, we visited a cave near Koro Viti Levu, where we found

about a dozen women making very large cooking-pots, each from two to three feet deep, and from twenty to thirty inches in diameter. It was wonderful that they should be able to build them in such perfect symmetry, considering that their only guide is their own eye for form. In the island of Bau, at the village of Soso, I spent some hours in the picturesque hut of an old crone, trying to persuade her to model her turtles from a living one which was walking about on the mats, but she preferred her own monstrous ideal, and chuckled with delight every time the fins and feet of mine *would* fall off.

In this, and I think also in the adjacent district of Rewa, instead of building up a series of clay sausages, the women just beat out a flat piece of clay on their hand, and then gradually mould it into a cup-like form with the help of the smooth stone inside and the wooden spatula outside. Here the pottery, after having been left for six or eight days to dry in the house, is taken to a sheltered quiet nook betwixt the sea and a great rock. Here a pile of light wood and sticks is built, the pots are laid thereon, the whole is covered with dry grass, and light sticks over all. This is set on fire, and kept burning for about half an hour. Then, while still hot, the cooking-pots are well rubbed with a dark red dye, an infusion of *tiri* — *i.e.*, mangrove-bark — which gives a slight glaze as well as a red color. Ornamental and water-pots are glazed with the hot *ndakua* resin already mentioned. There are slight variations in the process in different parts of the group, as on the north of Vanua Levu, where all the pottery we procured was unglazed.

We lingered on Malaki, the potter's now deserted isle, till sunset, and rowed back as the great cliff, now shrouded in gloom, stood out dark against the golden sky, casting long reflections in the glassy waters.

I devoted a subsequent morning to sketching the quaint little village on the upper crag, and improved my acquaintance with its people, with the happy result that sundry native curiosities were offered me for sale, including several very good stone axes.

And here, by the way, I must tell you of a curious point of contact between Birmingham and things which we are wont to associate only with the stone age — namely, the tool commonly used by native carpenters, which consists of a Birmingham axe-head or adze tied with native string on to a piece of wood shaped like

a bent knee, which was the regular handle of the stone celt hitherto in use, of which a considerable number have been offered us for sale. They are precisely similar to those of the ancient Britons, American Indians, and, I suppose I might add, of primeval races in all lands, being made of the same highly-polished greenstone, and identical in their various forms. The smooth flat axe-heads are invariably brought to us without handles, proving that they have succumbed to the iron age; but the long cylindrical stones are still in use, generally, I think, as pickaxes, and for cracking candle-nuts, which are exceedingly hard, but yield good oil.

Another interesting point in common with our ancestors, which is fast disappearing before so simple an innovation as a common lucifer match, is the method of kindling fire by the friction of two sticks. Particular kinds of wood are preferred, and of course they must be old dry wood. The fire-kindler sits on the ground, steadying the larger stick with his feet. Should he possess a knife wherewith to smooth a small piece of the surface, he will attain his result more rapidly, as he can leave a little shaving sticking up at the farther end to catch the dust as it accumulates. Then cutting the smaller stick to a point, he works it rapidly backwards and forwards till it forms a groove in the lower piece of wood, and the dust thus scraped up quickly begins to smoke and blacken, and in less than a minute a spark appears and smoulders on, till a tiny atom of native cloth, or a wisp of dry grass, is cautiously brought into contact with it, when a bright flame is produced.

After exploring all the points of chief interest near the rock, we started on a longer expedition, in order to visit the potters who were expelled from Malaki. First we walked to the house of a planter, who made us heartily welcome, and gave us a capital dinner of kid, taro, and tea, a meal which we consumed in presence of a large circle of Fijian girls, who had assembled from other mountain towns to see the pale-faced woman. Na Maramma Mbalavu, the long lady, was the title by which I was invariably described.

Our host then proceeded with much difficulty to catch and saddle his horses. At the last moment I found the girths of my side-saddle were missing, so my companion lent me his, using a rope for his own, which was made of wood and covered with goatskin. We rode round the back of the rock till we came to Na Sava, which is quite a large village.

Here, as I have already said, the chief called upon the potters to exhibit their handiwork. Of course it was taking them rather at a disadvantage, but enabled us to see a good deal in a short time. We endeavored ourselves to model a peculiar vase with three cups on one stand, of which we had procured a specimen without being able to ascertain where it was made, and were very anxious to procure others of the same pattern. We flattered ourselves that our description was fully understood, but evidently the design had originated in some other district, for when a few weeks later the pottery we had ordered was sent to us we received, instead of the graceful vase which had so fascinated us, a dozen hideous articles of ponderous weight, utterly worthless.

When the lowering sun warned the potters to desist from working (and we found that the clay really did fall as fast as we attempted to model anything), we adjourned to the house of the village teacher to see his wife painting a very large and most beautiful piece of tappa. I had to be content with watching how she worked. The pattern is cut out of a banana leaf heated over the fire. This is laid on the cloth, and rubbed over with a scrap of cloth dipped either in vegetable charcoal and water, or red earth liquefied with the sap of the candle-nut tree.

As we rode away by the shore we came to a strip of mangroves and mud, on which the horse of our friend slipped and rolled over, but no serious damage was done, and we reached Philimone's house in safety before darkness closed in.

In the morning we bade adieu to this kind, friendly family, and rode over to Bali Bali. On our way we passed by a row of smallish stones extending for about two hundred yards. These stones were to represent the number of bokola — *i.e.*, human bodies — actually eaten by two chiefs, Wanga Levu and Undri Undri, one stone for each body. This line of mbokola stones registers eight hundred and seventy-two, and the Christian son of this ogre declares that his father ate them all himself, allowing no one to share with him! Another member of the same family had registered forty-eight, when his becoming a Christian put a stop to the amusement and compelled him to be satisfied with commonplace food.

At different points in this day's ride we had grand views of the great mountain range, and went some way up a valley to see a very fine mass of rock, Vatu Damu, behind which nestles a pretty village, all

scented with the fragrant blossoms of large shaddock-trees. Then on to Kasia Lili, another fine rock castle, and of course I added to my store of sketches. From Bali Bali, the village where we spent the night, we had a very unusual view, overlooking the salt-pans, artificially constructed shallow pools in the midst of the widely-spread mangrove. These are flooded at certain tides, and the evaporation yields a fair supply of salt. Below us lay Na Vua Vua, the chief town of this district of Raki Raki, and in the distance the isle of Malaki. Nestling among the trees I detected the high-pitched roof of a true Kai Tholo house — *i.e.*, people of the mountains — this being the form of roof peculiar to the wild districts in the interior. After breakfast we rode over to the house of a little colony of planters, who received us most kindly and welcomed us to a real planter's dinner served in rough-and-ready style. There was another rock mountain to be inspected and more fine views. Then we rode home by the foot of the dark Kau Vandra hills, passing several villages more or less interesting from their situation. It was quite dark for the last hour, and we had several difficult creeks to cross, but we reached our journey's end in safety.

In the morning we walked down to the town, and on to the river, where a boat was waiting. A two-miles row down the river, through dense thickets of mangrove, brought us to the open sea, and bidding adieu to the coast of Raki Raki, we rowed and sailed back to Nananu.

From The Sunday Magazine.

THE TRUE STORY OF ADAM BEDE.

It is always pleasant to find that the most splendid characters in fiction are drawn from life; not alone because of the sense of reality they impart to the story they adorn, but also, and far more, from the hope they inspire in regard to the great unknown world of men and women. This pleasure is very intense, to those who have known that Adam Bede and his brother Seth, and Dinah, Seth's wife, who gladden, we had almost said glorify, one of the happiest of George Eliot's stories, are almost photographs of real persons who spent their days in commonplace Derbyshire towns.

Adam Bede himself was the authoress's own father, Mr. Robert Evans. He was a man of considerable power; steward to

Sir Roger Newdigate, Lord Aylesbury, and other large landed proprietors; and had agents under him, in different parts of the kingdom. His brother Samuel, the Seth of the novel, was a carpenter and undertaker, a man of a very simple and holy life, a follower of Wesley, and afterwards a class-leader and preacher among the Methodists. For some time he carried on business at Roston, in Derbyshire, with his brother, where his conversion took place, and this was the scene of his first labors. He married Elizabeth Tomlinson, whose portrait as Dinah Morris is given in so lifelike a way. She was born at Newbold, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Her mother died when she was very young; her conversion to God, and call to the ministry soon followed, and she became a preacher. It was at Ashbourne that Samuel Evans first heard her preach, and formed an attachment to her. But it was not on marriage that her thoughts were set; and it was long before her scruples were removed, and she consented to cast in her lot with "Seth." They were married in Nottingham, and the first years of their married life were spent at Roston Common, near Ashbourne. Fifty years after, Seth, in writing of his wife, said, "She did me good and not evil, all the days of her life. She labored arduously with me in the gospel, and was generally well received, wherever she went to spread the glad tidings of the gospel to a lost and ruined race. She was diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. The cares and wants of her family were strictly attended to, and every available comfort secured and rendered. She was a tender parent and a truly affectionate wife." This was true enough, for she never neglected her daily work for outside duties, but made time for both; and the sketches of the character of Dinah on its housewifely side, given in "Adam Bede," were to the life. When Dinah went to Lisbeth Bede's cottage, to help the poor widow after 'Thias Bede's death, that most particular and rather querulous old woman commended her thus: "Ye've got a notion of cleaning up, I wouldna mind ha'in' ye for a daughter, for ye wouldna spend the lad's wage i' fine clothes and waste. Ye're not like the lasses o' this country-side." And so Mrs. Poyser said of her (when Dinah wished to leave the Hall Farm and return to her work at Snowfield): "Your uncle 'ull miss you so as never was; a-lighting his pipe and waiting on him; and now I can trust you with the butter, an' have had all the

trouble o' teaching you, an' there's all the sewing to be done, an' I must have a strange gell out of Treddleson to do it, an' all because you must go back to that bare heap of stones as the very crows fly over, and won't stop at." After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Evans went about together preaching, and many "revivals" took place, and their work was in many cases blessed with large results. They removed later to Derby, where Mrs. Evans's labors came to the notice of Elizabeth Fry. Her devotion was quite unwearyed; in prisons, in dens of infamy, in homes of crime, amongst the sick, the sinful, and the dying, she was to be found; nay, she was not afraid to go, in her tender ministries of love, to the very scaffold itself.

A poor girl, Mary Voce, was condemned and executed for child-murder in Nottingham Forest. Mrs. Evans visited her constantly in prison, and was with her all through the night before her death, and went in the cart with her and the chaplain, to her execution on the common. In this girl's story, we see the source of that of poor Hetty Sorrel, with all its pathos and tragic punishment. It was all true; and true in its main points was the prayer prayed on that sad occasion by Mrs. Evans, the heads of which were preserved. The prayer (as given in "Adam Bede") was as follows: "Jesus, thou present Saviour! Thou hast known the depths of all sorrow; thou hast entered that black darkness where God is not, and hast uttered the cry of the forsaken. Come, Lord, and gather of the fruits of thy travail, and thy pleading; stretch forth thy hand, thou who art mighty to save to the uttermost, and rescue this lost one. She is clothed round with thick darkness; the fetters of her sin are upon her, and she cannot stir to come to thee, she can only feel her heart is hard and she is helpless. . . . See, Lord, I bring her, as they of old brought the sick and helpless and thou didst heal them; I bear her on my arms and carry her before thee. . . . Yea, Lord, I see thee coming through the darkness, coming like the morning with healing on thy wings. The marks of thine agony are upon thee, I see thee, I see thee, able and willing to save. Thou wilt not let her perish forever. Come, mighty Saviour, let the dead hear thy voice; let the eyes of the blind be opened, let her see that God encompasses her; let her tremble at nothing but the sin that cuts her off from him. Melt the hard heart, unseal the closed lips, make her

cry with her whole heart, 'Father, I have sinned.'" "Dinah," Hetty sobbed out, throwing her arms round Dinah's neck, 'I will speak—I will tell—I won't hide any more.'

And then came the confession. So again, the prayer delivered on Ellaston Green (called in the novel Hayslope), is reproduced much as it was given. In "Adam Bede" it ran thus: "Saviour of sinners! when a poor woman, laden with sins, went out to the well to draw water, she found thee sitting on the well. She knew thee not; she had not sought thee, her mind was dark, her life was unholy. But thou didst speak to her; thou didst teach her, thou didst show her that her life lay open before thee, and yet thou wast ready to give her that blessing which she never sought. Jesus! thou art in the midst of us, and thou knowest all men. If there is any here like that poor woman, if their minds are dark, their lives unholy—if they have come out—not seeking thee, not desiring to be taught, deal with them according to the free mercy which thou didst show to her. Speak to them, Lord, open their ears to my message, bring their sins to their minds, and make them thirst for the salvation thou art ready to give." At the close of the sermon, as given in "Adam Bede," it will be remembered how Bessy Cranage, who was listening to Dinah's preaching, "became quite pale, her wide-open black eyes began to fill with tears, and her face was distorted like a little child's before a burst of crying! 'Ah, poor blind child,' Dinah went on, 'think if it should happen to you, as it once happened to a servant of God in the days of her vanity. She thought of her lace caps, and saved all her money to buy 'em. She thought nothing about how she might get a clean heart and right spirit. She only wanted to have better lace than other girls. And one day when she put her new cap on and looked in the glass, she saw a bleeding face crowned with thorns. That face is looking at you now;' here Dinah pointed to a spot close in front of Bessy. 'Ah, tear off these follies! cast them away from you as if they were stinging adders. They are stinging you, they are dragging you down into a dark, bottomless pit, where you will sink forever and forever, and forever, farther away from light and God.'

"Bessy could bear it no longer, a great terror was upon her, and wrenching her earrings from her ears she threw them down before her, sobbing aloud."

This incident was actually true in Mrs.

Evans's ministry. True also was the story of the old man's death in the brook on the common, though it did not happen, as in the novel, to the father of Adam and Seth Bede (who lived till he was ninety, and died at Ellaston), but to an uncle by marriage of the authoress. The character of Mr. Irwine, the polished, scholarly clergyman of Donnithorne, is taken from that of Mr. Unwin, vicar of Ellaston. At Ellaston was settled the family of Poyser, who doubtless suggested to George Eliot the peculiar name which she has rendered so famous; the character of the immortal Mrs. Poyser herself, was taken from the authoress's own aunt, Mrs. Richardson, and the Donnithorne place and family are drawn from Arbury and the Newdigates.

To return to Dinah. The portrait of her personal appearance as given in "Adam Bede" is in some respects taken from life. "It was a small, oval face, of a uniform transparent whiteness, with an egg-like line of cheek and chin, a full but firm mouth, a delicate nostril, and a low, perpendicular brow surmounted by an arch between smooth locks of pale, reddish hair. The hair was drawn straight back behind the ears, and covered, except for an inch or two above the brow, by a net Quaker's cap. The eyebrows, of the same color as the hair, were perfectly horizontal, and firmly pencilled; the eyelashes, though no darker, were long and abundant; nothing was left blurred or unfinished. It was one of those faces that make one think of white flowers with light touches of color on their pure petals. The eyes had no peculiar beauty beyond that of expression. They looked so simple, so candid, so purely loving, that no accusing scowl, no light sneer, could help melting away before their glance." This was the woman whose lovely nature and saintly life are drawn, yes, and not overdrawn, in the sweet picture of Dinah Morris. She and her husband lived seven years in Derby and then removed to the Mill Houses near Wirksworth. Samuel Evans was overlooker at the mill, and there they brought up their family of two sons and two daughters.

Time passed and changes came. Mr. Evans was no longer wanted at the mill, so they removed into Wirksworth itself, and here the devoted couple lived and labored until their death. They had many trials, and suffered much hardship, poverty, and disappointment. Night and day Mrs. Evans was fetched to minister to the sick and dying. She gave up her whole life for others, spending and being

spent. A small chapel was expressly built for her in the town, which was used for some time, but as funds fell short, Mrs. Evans remained with the Wesleyans for the rest of her life in Wirksworth. And now for a few words about Wirksworth. Shut in by mills, at the beginning of the Peak of Derbyshire, lies this ancient, quaint, gray town, with its cruciform church. It has from time immemorial been a great centre of the mining district; the lead mines there were worked by the Romans and again by the Saxons, and were mentioned later on in Domesday Book. Wirksworth had its Barmote Court, and other relics of half-barbarous laws, and obscure observances, and was brimful of old customs. Nowhere was the Christmas season kept up with more scrupulous celebration. There was the Yule supper and posset which every true Wirksworth householder felt bound to have; the guisers, and hand-bell-ringers. The curfew bell was always rung there, and the annual "wakes" celebrated with all due honor.

The inhabitants had a sort of clannish loyalty to and pride in their old town, and were proud of themselves, too, as being Wirksworth men and women born and bred. No noisy railway trains, no bustle of the outer world, disturbed the grey and rather self-sufficient quiet of the isolated and primitive town, and nowhere could the "Old Leisure," whose memoir is given in "Adam Bede," be found in higher perfection than at Wirksworth, at the time when Samuel and Elizabeth Evans went to live there some forty years ago. Here, again, there was a great "revival," for Wirksworth, notwithstanding its distinction in other ways, was, in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Evans, sunk in darkness. This was the scene of their last labors, and here it was that the authoress of "Adam Bede," with her father, visited her aunt, Mrs. Evans, and from herself received the heads of many of her prayers and sermons, and heard from her own lips many records and incidents of her beautiful life. It was at Wirksworth that "Dinah" died; and those who were with her at the last could, indeed, testify to sermons preached by her dying lips, as eloquent as those of earlier days at Nottingham and Ashbourne, on Roston Common, or Ellaston Green. Her husband survived her about nine years, and spent his latter days chiefly in visiting the sick and dying. Both he and his wife were buried at Wirksworth. In the Wesleyan chapel there is a tablet with the follow-

ing inscription: "Erected by numerous friends to the memory of Elizabeth Evans, known to the world as 'Dinah Bede,' who during many years proclaimed alike in the open air, the sanctuary, and from house to house, the love of Christ. She died in the Lord, November 9th, 1849, aged 74 years. And of Samuel Evans, her husband, who was also a faithful local preacher and class leader in the Methodist Society. He finished his earthly course December 8th, 1859, aged 81 years."

The writer of this sketch can faintly remember being taken as a little child, by a nurse who was very friendly with the Evans family, to see Mrs. Evans (Dinah), then quite an old woman, with a calm, sweet face, and wearing the simple Quaker's cap. But of Mr. Evans (Seth) the writer has a much stronger recollection; and in the mind's eye can see now his tall, spare, rather bent figure, dressed always in black, with knee-breeches; his snow-white hair, and most benevolent and gentle face; a truly reverend-looking old man. He was a well-known and most familiar character in Wirksworth, constantly to be seen flitting up and down the little by-ways and alleys, and in and out of the cottages. His special mission seemed to be that of visiting and praying with the sick and dying. Such, in brief and bare outline, were the lives of some of the people who, in the pages of one of the most remarkable works of this century, have become personal friends of many of us.

A. JOHNSON.

THE DEFENCE OF CANTON.

THE *China Mail* publishes a full account of the present defences of Canton, as well as of the works in progress, the details of which are stated to have been collected on the spot. The Bogue forts, according to this authority, are at present garrisoned by about thirty-eight hundred troops, who show themselves to be more orderly and amenable to discipline than the unruly hordes which the Chinese forces are generally represented to be. In addition to these troops a force said to be sufficient to bring the whole up to twenty thousand were under orders to rendezvous. Fu-Mun is the headquarters of the Chinese admiral. At the forts referred to there are seven twenty-five-ton guns, and a number of smaller smooth bore cast-iron guns, the latter only likely to be of service in repelling a landing-

party. The most formidable batteries are situated on two islands in the river. On the south side of the channel, opposite these islands, is another heavily armed battery commanded by a hill, on the crest of which is a fort, with barracks and accommodation for some two thousand men. After passing the Bogue there are no more defences until Whampoa is reached. Here some well-designed and most formidable earthworks are being hastily thrown up for the protection of a number of ten and twelve-ton Krupp guns. After passing these, on proceeding up the back reach of the river, there are some formidably armed forts of approved modern construction protecting the Macao passage. At the place known as Birds'-nest Fort, the island itself, situated in mid-stream, has been fortified; but at this point the main defences are on the mainland. On the other reach of the river — that usually taken by the river steamers — are strong earthworks, faced with masonry; these are situated near the spot known as Howkwa's Folly, which appellation was bestowed in derision, by tars of the British fleet, on a fort built at the expense of the late celebrated Co-hong merchant Howkwa. Near this point a barrier of stones, only partially removed, still seriously obstructs the navigation of the river. Some short distance further up the river is a long, low island, dividing the river into two reaches, and on the low point of land, at the southern end of this island, is another heavily armed battery. In addition to these preparations there are some hundred or more of torpedoes, of several patterns and designs, which have been lying for some time past in the arsenals of the city, besides a fleet of stone boats, now lying at Whampoa, ready for sinking.

In the adjacent city of Canton (observes the same authority) a most complete and searching census of the population has been taken, and every house made to furnish its military contribution; in every family or house at least one man must exercise himself in the use of arms; and he receives from the district officials a jacket, inscribed with the name of his street and ward of the city. At sundown he dons this piece of military raiment, and, armed generally with a pike, or maybe a rusty musket without ammunition — as much probably for his own safety as that of people in the neighborhood — he sallies forth to do duty as a watchman and assist in preserving order in the street to which he belongs, but in the event of actual hostili-

ties he would probably have to join the regular military forces. Every house in Canton has been subjected to the examination above mentioned, and, in consequence, bears upon its portals the Chinese characters *Kau-nin-cha*, in black letters on yellow paper. In conclusion

the writer expresses his belief that should the French, or any other foreign nation, attack Canton with anything less than a large force, with the requisite transport and commissariat arrangements, it would only be to sustain humiliation and disgrace.

A VIRTUE REWARD OFFICE.—If there are in the Chinese newspapers reports of thefts, murders, and misdemeanors, prisons, fearful executions, and the bastinado, in the Celestial Empire, there is also the Virtue Reward Office, and its reports are frequent in the *Peking Gazette*. What manner of virtue is rewarded we shall glean from a few examples. A petition with a long list of influential names is sent up to the throne, praying that a monument be erected to immortalize the name of the Lady Ho. The Lady Ho had been married, at eighteen, to Lu Shu-yung. When he was seized with his last illness the lady, "although occupied every night in secretly burning incense and offering up tearful prayers, maintained during the day a cheerful countenance, that the parents might not be overcome by dejection. For months she changed not her raiments, but devoted herself sedulously to administering to the wants of her husband; and finally, as a last resource, she cut from her arm a piece of flesh to mix with the medicine." But it was all unavailing; Lu Shu-yung died. Ho fainted several times with grief. "But she had already resolved not to outlive her husband, and after privately writing to her sister-in-law to come and attend upon the two parents, already advanced in years, she swallowed a gold ring, and at the age of thirty-four thus sacrificed her life." And we should certainly add our stone to her cairn but for that little business of the ring, which, though prettily devised, and according to Chinese notions virtuously done, sounds badly to Western ears. Another lady, by name Wu-chang, is to have a memorial arch erected to her for a similar suicidal sacrifice. Her husband having died before one year of marriage, she was dissuaded from killing herself only by the hope of serving his parents, which duty she carried out with truly praiseworthy faithfulness for many years, until after their death she declared she would follow her husband, and refusing all food, died after seven days. A third lady, by name Wang, residing at Choh Chow, not only chopped herself on all occasions in the most frightful manner, but applied burning incense-stick to her arms to provide cures for her relations. Under all these overcharged examples we must not be blind to the true national virtue of the Chinese, their devotion to parents; and the ladies who are faithful to "one love in a life" are worthy of all honor; but it troubles

us benighted Westerners to read of the fair we-footed creatures burning, starving, and cutting themselves, or even swallowing gold rings. The Virtue Reward Office has often better work than this to do; fidelity, filial devotion, the bravery of soldiers who die in battle, the virtue of women who sacrifice life rather than honor—these are things to be rewarded with more than posthumous titles and memorial arches.

Cassell's Family Magazine.

THE FINANCES OF CHINA.—The *North China Herald* gives a very bad account of the present financial condition of China. Ever since July last there has been a heavy expenditure going on upon war material, and the money for this purpose has to a large extent been wrung from the industrial and trading classes. But notwithstanding all the efforts of the officials to collect money, they have found it impossible to gather in enough to cover the extraordinary expenditure. For instance, the viceroy of the province of Kiangtsu, in which Shanghai is situated, and which is the richest in the empire, was, the *Herald* states, unable lately to send his accustomed remittance of from 40,000*l.* to 50,000*l.* to Peking, and had to borrow the money from bankers in Shanghai. "And," adds the *Herald*, "at that very time this viceroy was throwing away money in the construction of absurdities which he was pleased to call floating batteries. Weak as China is in many respects, she is weakest of all in her finances. Many of the high officials do not know where to turn for money. It is notorious that they have for some time been trying to borrow money here in the south and in London. It is now rumored that one of them has secured a loan." It is perhaps only fair to say that the *Herald* is a strong opponent of Chinese action in Tonquin, and that its view of the situation may unwittingly be colored by its sympathies. In any case, however, there should, we think, be no chance whatever of China being able at present to borrow money in Europe, or anywhere else abroad, although at the same time it is right to remember that want of money does not prevent a nation from going to war if it is bent upon fighting.